The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February, *in the* March *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We have authority for saying that owing to the numerous occupations of Mr. G. W. E. Russell, the editor, the collection of Matthew Arnold's letters will not be ready for some time. They cover a period of forty years, from 1848 to 1888, and are chiefly addressed to his family, to the different members of which he wrote with great regularity, describing all he did, said, heard, read, thought, wished, felt, ate and drank. They are, indeed, very *intime*, though of course they constantly deal also with impersonal subjects, with literature, politics, and education. Matthew Arnold was a delightful as well as a full and regular correspondent, and the letters are very bright and readable.

We are able to give, on authority, some particulars of the memoir and letters of Dante G. Rossetti, which his brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, is preparing. The letters are addressed to seven persons, chiefly the mother and the brother of Dante Rossetti. They begin in 1842, when he was fourteen years of age, and go on to 1882, the year of his death. Numerous notes are appended to the several letters, so as to explain any details in them which do not at once explain themselves. The memoir has now made substantial progress, and may probably be finished towards the end of February. It will contain many particulars little or not at all known outside the Rossetti family. The whole work will be of considerable size, probably not less than three volumes. There will be nine illustrations; eight of them being portraits, done by Dante Rossetti, of himself and the seven persons addressed, and the ninth being a portrait of his wife, her own performance. Messrs. Ellis and Elvey will be the publishers. This record of Dante Rossetti will give not only a much fuller, but also a much more authentic account of him and his doings than any which had heretofore appeared in print. It will contain something in the way of critical estimate, but more of direct biographical narrative.

An intimate friend of the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton gives the following interesting account of his last hours and his funeral.

He died very suddenly. Mrs. Hamerton told us how it happened as we were waiting for the funeral. On the day he died he seemed to be quite well, and after luncheon he went with his wife to the gallery of the Louvre, where they remained till five o'clock. He went straight to his study and worked till dinner-time. He ate as usual, and afterward sat down and read his newspaper. While reading he was seized with an attack similar to one he had had a few weeks before, and an hour afterward he was dead.

Mrs. Hamerton and the servant were alone with him at the time; her daughter and son-in-law had been sent for, but they arrived too late. His death was caused by "une lésion au cœur," and the doctor said that, even if he had recovered from that attack, he might have died next day. Mrs. Hamerton read us the last phrase he ever wrote: "In my dreams I have often desired to find a country where justice and peace would reign; but I feel that it is only a dream, and as long as I am of this world I shall not find it."

The funeral was most simple. We walked after the hearse to the cemetery, and he was placed in the temporary vault with the flowers. Then each of us in turn threw a little earth on the coffin, and afterward took leave of the gentlemen of the family. That was all. There were no speeches, and it was quite private. About fifty people altogether attended.

Dr. Conan Doyle returned from America in the *Etruria*, but is only making quite a short stay in London. He leaves again almost immediately to join Mrs. Doyle and his family on the Continent. His lecture tour in the States has, we understand, been a great success.

We understand that Mr. Kipling's six one-shilling volumes, entitled 'Soldiers Three,' 'Under the Deodars,' 'Wee Willie Winkie,' 'In Black and White,' 'The Story of the Gadsbys,' and 'The Phantom Rickshaw,' will, after the end of the present year, disappear from the booksellers and bookstalls in their present form. The six shilling books will hereafter be issued in two six shilling volumes. The many admirers of Mr. Kipling's work will be glad to hear that this alteration in the form of issue will entail no change in any of the stories, which will, indeed, be published in the new volumes in the same order as they appeared in the old ones. As rather more than a quarter of a million of the shilling volumes had been sold, Mr. Kipling came to the conclusion that the public had a right to continue to have them in their present form, and he decided therefore not to alter or revise them in any way.

Mr. Kipling has, we understand, now completed sufficien- "Beast" stories to form a new jungle book, and it will pro bably be issued in time for next Christmas season.

The most absurd paragraphs are going the round of the American papers about Mr. J. M. Barrie's health. The generally well-informed San Francisco *Argonaut* says that Mr. Barrie has gone to Italy, and that his health is irretrievably broken. As a matter of fact, he has been spending the winter at Fowey, hard at work, and is perfectly well.

We regret that through an inadvertence some expressions appeared in THE BOOKMAN last month reflecting on the fairness of our esteemed contemporary, the *Academy*. No journal has been conducted or is conducted with more uprightness and candour than the *Academy*. Its career has been an honour to English letters. We venture to think, however, that, especially in a paper where signed articles are the rule, so grave a charge as that of plagiarism should have been sustained by the accuser's name.

Mr. Gilbert Parker sailed on Saturday, the 15th, for America in the *Lucania*. Before leaving he completed the contracts for the publication of his next year's work in book form with Messrs. Methuen and Co. This will consist of two new novels and another volume of the famous 'Pierre' stories.

Miss Lily Dougall has recently completed two new books, one of which is entitled 'The Zeitgeist' and the other 'The Mermaid.' They will shortly be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson and Messrs. Bentley respectively.

Mr. Rider Haggard has, we hear, consented to write a story for publication in that most popular of cheap Christmas books, *Arrowsmith's Annual*. Mr. Walter Raymond, author of 'Love and Quiet Life,' will write the *Annual* for next year.

Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, the son and executor of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, asks that any persons having letters of Dr. Holmes will send them to Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 4, Park Street, Boston, or to A. P. Watt, Esq., Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, with reference to their possible use in a contemplated 'Life and Letters of Dr. Holmes.' These letters will be carefully returned to their owners after copies have been made of such as are found to be available.

We hear that the *Chap Book* which is published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of Cambridge, U.S.A., and Chicago, has a monthly sale of over 10,000 copies. Messrs. Stone and Kimball hold the same place in relation to the publishing trade in America that Mr. Lane and Mr. Elkin Mathews hold in England.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden are bringing out something of the sort in England. It is to be handsomely produced on good paper, well printed, and will contain many illustrations by R. Anning Bell, Hugh Thomson, Caton Woodville, Stanley J. Wood, Herbert Railton, and other artists. The name which has been selected is the *Paper Knife*, and it will be a literary far more than an advertising publication. The first number, which will be ready immediately, will contain a portrait of Mr. George Meredith, with a reprint of part of Mr. J. M. Barrie's article on the 'Lost Stories of Mr. Meredith'; a selection from the recently published 'Thoughts from Gladstone,' with portrait; and also from Miss Willard's promised autobiography, with a full-page portrait of Miss Willard by Miss Lisa Cameron; a portrait of the author of 'A Sunless Heart,' with Mr. Stead's article on the book which appeared recently in the *Review of Reviews*, and many other interesting portraits and items. In size, the *Paper Knife* will be octavo, and of the thickness of a sixpenny magazine. The cover is by Mr. Anning Bell.

Stevenson's mood varied swiftly from hour to hour. We have seen two letters sent by the same mail to different correspondents—one full of enthusiasm about his work and his prospects, the other filled with forebodings of disaster and failure. This peculiarity his friends well understood and said, "It is only Louis' way!" Similarly they were the last to believe the news of his death, which brought sadness to many thousands of hearts throughout the world. They had been waiting so long that they had grown to believe the invalid immortal.

There is sure to be a great rise in Stevenson first editions; and the rare pamphlets are certain to rise to unattainable figures in spite of the fact that they are likely to be included in the Edinburgh edition, which Mr. Charles Baxter has engineered with such conspicuous success.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's new novel, which deals largely with European life in Japan, will also contain a statement of the effect and working in certain directions of the Deceased Wife's Sister laws. It may be expected to create a good deal of discussion and to be extensively canvassed. Mr. Sladen is the well-known Honorary Secretary of the Authors' Club.

The new serial to follow Mr. Rider Haggard's 'Joan Haste' in the *Pall Mall Magazine* will be a story by Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes), and that will be followed by a new novel from the pen of Mr. Walter Besant.

Mr. John Davidson, whose 'Poems and Ballads' have fairly caught the ear of the world, is not forgetting his other rôle as novelist. He has written a novel with a very modern heroine, on somewhat different lines to any of his previous books, which will appear during the forthcoming season in a new series of fiction.

Mr. C. H. Firth, of Balliol College, is writing a life of Cromwell for "The Heroes of the Nations Series." It would seem to be almost a hopeless task to write anything new about a subject that has been dealt with by so many historians. Mr. Firth, however, has carried on his researches with great zeal and perseverance; and we believe that his biography will contain some unique and interesting features. Mr. Firth is also preparing a life of Clarendon for the Clarendon Press. The editor of "The Heroes of the Nations Series" is Mr. Evelyn Abbott.

The name of Mr. Firth, as well as that of Lord Acton, had been mentioned in connection with the vacant Regius Professorship of History at Oxford, to which Mr. York Powell has been appointed. We understand that both Mr. Lecky and Mr. S. R. Gardiner refused the post.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will shortly publish in volume form the stories which Mrs. Burnett Smith contributed during last year to the *Woman at Home*, under the general title of 'Elizabeth Glen, M.B.'

Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons' sumptuous series of artistic monographs has proved so successful that they propose to

extend it indefinitely. Volumes on Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. G. F. Watts, and other masters, ancient and contemporary, will follow those already issued on Mr. Albert Moore and Sir Ed. Burne-Jones.

Mr. Volkhovsky, well known among the small band of Russian litterateurs who live in London, has written a volume of fairy tales with a "tendency," which will be issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. during the new year.

A full and fully illustrated biography of the late Mr. Ford Madox-Brown is being prepared, we understand, by his grandson, Mr. Ford Hueffer, author of 'The Brown Owl,' 'The Queen that Flew,' and other fairy tales.

Mr. Headon Hill, the author of 'The Rajah's Second Wife,' has just completed a new serial for publication in *Pearson's Weekly*.

Mr. W. E. Norris has written a new story entitled 'Billy Bellow,' which will commence serial publication in the *Lady's Pictorial* in the beginning of the new year.

The *Windsor Magazine* has been a great success, and the first edition of 100,000 copies was sold out within a few days of publication.

Amongst the features of the *Windsor* it is interesting to note that one of the two serials is written by Mr. Guy Boothby, the author of 'In Strange Company,' and a writer of whom much more is likely to be heard. Mr. Boothby has had an eventful career, and there is little that he has not done. Trading amongst the "Islands," pearl fishing off Thursday Island, crossing Australia in a beechboard buggy, producing successful plays of his own in Melbourne, have all been among the host of his occupations. It was, we believe, in Melbourne that he met Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who read much of his MS. and thought so highly of it that he advised him to devote himself to literature. Mr. Kipling also gave him much good advice as to the management of his literary wares, and we have heard Mr. Boothby say that the last thing Mr. Kipling shouted to him from the deck of the liner on which he was leaving Australia was, "Stick to it, and put your trust in Watt." The "Watt" is, of course, the well-known literary agent.

Mr. Edward Garnett and Mr. William Hyde, who collaborated in that singular book, 'An Imaged World,' reviewed two months ago in THE BOOKMAN, are completing a volume of London studies of a more definite order, which will appear during the spring. Mr. Hyde's drawings promise (says a correspondent) to be the most striking and imaginative he has yet produced.

The extraordinary activity of the *Cymru Fydd* or "Young Wales" movement is already working, it seems, to a literary, as well as a political, issue. With the new year it will have an organ of its own, to be issued at first bi-monthly. Professor J. H. Edwards and Professor Samuel, of Aberystwith, are the joint editors; and the magazine will be published in that Welsh university town, under the obvious title *Young Wales*.

The illustrated edition of Mr. Crockett's 'Stickit Minister' threatens soon to become a very scarce book. It has been illustrated "for love" by the artists—love of the author partly, and partly still more, love for that "grey Galloway Land," which makes of its visitors lovers, and of its lovers devotees.

Mr. William Baird is hurrying his beautiful and monumental monograph on 'Thomson of Duddingston, Painter and Parson' through the press. The illustrations are numerous and exceedingly beautiful, being photogravures which render the freshness and dash of the Scottish Turner with great faithfulness. We hear that the subscription list is rapidly being filled up, and looking at the specimens of the pictures before us, we congratulate the prospective purchasers. Mr. Baird has seen nearly every Thomson known to be in existence. He has a thorough artistic faculty of his own, and may be trusted to make a memorable work upon the life and genius of the great Scottish painter.

Mr. George F. Black, Assistant Keeper of the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh, is about to publish through Mr. G. P. Johnston of the same city an illustrated work on 'Scottish Charms and Amulets.' Mr. Black's first monograph on the subject was issued in the publications of the Societies of Antiquaries of Scotland. But those who were fortunate enough to receive copies, felt at once that so much excellent reading and delightfully discursive legendary lore was deserving of more ample illustration and a wide vogue than was possible in the transactions of a literary and archæological society. Mr. Black will be glad to receive any communications regarding the subject he has peculiarly made his own.

Mrs. Stephen Batson, author of 'Dark, a Tale of the Down Country,' has ready a short story, which she entitles 'A Rustic of the Decadence.'

Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban, whose 'Red Sultan' was so favourably reviewed recently, will shortly publish a volume containing three stories, 'The End of the Voyage,' 'The Squire's Dilemma,' and 'A Soldier and a Gentleman.' They have appeared serially in the *Leisure Hour* and *Chambers' Journal*. Mr. Maclaren Cobban was a frequent reviewer in the *National Observer* when that journal was under Mr. W. E. Henley's editorship.

Miss Sarah Tytler has ready another novel descriptive of Shakespeare's country, entitled 'The American Cousins.'

Miss Ada Cambridge, author of 'The Three Miss Kings' and other Australian novels, has just finished for magazine publication a new short story entitled 'A Chaperone.'

Lady Arabella Romilly (now in India on a visit to her sister, the Countess of Elgin, wife of the Viceroy) has published, for private circulation only, two pretty little volumes of graceful lyrics, to which she gives the title of 'Songs and Verses,' First Series and Second Series. Lady Arabella comes of a poetic family, being a cousin of the late Hon. Roden Noel, and a relative of Lord Byron.

Mr. J. E. Muddock ("Dick Donovan") will shortly publish a new novel, entitled 'Eugene Vidocq,' dealing with the career of the famous French criminal of that name. The story has been running in the *Million*.

Miss Adeline Sergeant has ready for press a new novel entitled 'A Dead Man's Trust.' The scene is laid partly in America and partly in England, and the story contains some very exciting passages, including the description of an attack upon a farmhouse by Indians.

Mrs. Lynn Linton has finished a new book, called 'The Evolution of Dulcie Everton.' It will probably make its first appearance in serial form.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new series of short stories, entitled 'The Chronicles of Count Antonio,' will be published serially in the early part of the new year, here in *Chambers' Journal*, in America in a syndicate of newspapers, and in Australia in one of the Melbourne weeklies.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will in due course issue Mr. Besant's "Westminster" papers now appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* in volume form, and uniform with the same author's "London," which they issued some little time ago.

When announcing in THE BOOKMAN last month the large paper edition of Mr. George Meredith's 'Story of Chloe, and other Tales,' we gave the number of the edition as one hundred. Since then the number of copies to be issued has been announced as two hundred and fifty. We may mention that THE BOOKMAN announcement was at the time perfectly correct, as at the time when we went to press, the quantity fixed upon was one hundred copies.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

NOVEMBER 19 TO DECEMBER 15, 1894.

The state of trade, as compared with former years, continues satisfactory, with a prospect of an excellent Christmas week. This, to a certain extent, however, will depend upon the weather. Books as presents are as popular as they have ever been, but every trader knows that if the public cannot venture out, many presents are foregone, which otherwise would have been made.

Foreign trade has steadied. Its Christmas needs have, of course, been supplied some weeks and possibly months since, and the usual orders only are coming by each mail. There is a great demand from year to year for the annual volumes of popular magazines, such as *Chatterbox*, *Sunday*, *Girl's Own Paper*, *Boy's Own Paper*, *Children's Friend*, *Sunshine*, and the like. These publications are popular with that section of the public that expects a large book for the price. At the same time, however, it should be added (in justice to these publications) that buyers have excellent value in the instances named.

Diaries and almanacs are in good request, and there is no falling off in the quantity used. Letts, Smith, and Pettitt are the three old-established favourites, and more recent issues of the kind do not seem materially to affect their sales. It is strange to notice what a rush comes for this class of publication on the first of January of each year. It seems as if the users of diaries do not discover until they come to the last page that a new book is required for the new year.

Among 'Peerages' and kindred publications the larger works of Burke, Dod, and Lodge and Walford's little 1s. handbooks continue in good demand. The 'Windsor Peerage' appears to be gaining ground, but it is very difficult to dislodge an older publication of this class. The reason is probably that the purchasers do not care to spoil their sets.

The leading book (so to speak) is at present three books, viz., 'The Manxman,' 'My Lady Rotha,' and 'Basil Lyndhurst,' closely followed by 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Of juvenile books Mr. G. A. Henty is the favourite writer. A very large number of beautifully executed "editions de luxe" have appeared, but of course the sales are comparatively limited. Furtwangler's 'Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture' is a type of the perfection shown in producing the highest class of letterpress and illustration.

As has frequently been stated, books relating in any way to Natural History always find an appreciative public, so no surprise will be felt that the Life of such a man as Professor Owen is one of the books of the hour, and a very delightful one too. 'Life at the Zoo,' embellished with Gambier Boulton's photographs from the life, is in good request.

Appended is a list of the most popular books at the moment of writing. The demand for novels is unabated, and the manuals dealing with Parish Councils form an important feature in the trade.

Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Basil Lyndhurst. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s.
People of the Mist (The). By H. R. Haggard. 6s.
Highway of Sorrow (The). By Hesba Stretton. 6s.
Doreen. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Elder Conklin. By F. Harris. 6s.
Pride and Prejudice. By J. Austen. Illustrated by H. Thomson. 6s.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Pudd'n Head Wilson. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d.
My New Home. By Mrs. Molesworth. 4s. 6d.
When Charles I. was King. By J. S. Fletcher. 3s. 6d.
Fall of Athens (The). By A. J. Church. 5s.
Kensington Palace in the Days of Queen Mary II. By Emma Marshall. 5s.
In the Heart of the Rockies. By G. A. Henty. 5s.
When London Burned. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Things will Take a Turn. By B. Harraden. 2s. 6d.
Green Carnation (The). 2s. 6d. and 3s.
Use of Life (The). By Sir J. Lubbock. 3s. 6d.
Owen (Professor), Life of. 2 vols. £1 4s.
Life at the Zoo. By C. J. Cornish. 12s. 6d.
Clerical Life and Work. By H. P. Liddon. 5s.
Jungle Book (The). By R. Kipling. 6s.
Yellow Fairy Book (The). 6s.
Radiant Suns. By A. Giberne. 5s.
Cook and the Captive (The). By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
Jeremiah. By F. B. Meyer. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
In His Steps. By J. R. Miller. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Guide to Parish Councils Act. By J. H. Stone and J. G. Pease. 2s. 6d.

Ward and Lock's Popular Guide to the Parish Councils Act. 1s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

Nov. 24.—Opened with heavy orders, but became lighter, and so finished. Foreign and colonial trade a little improved.

Dec. 1.—Same as last week, both for home and foreign, but more enquiries from Australia.

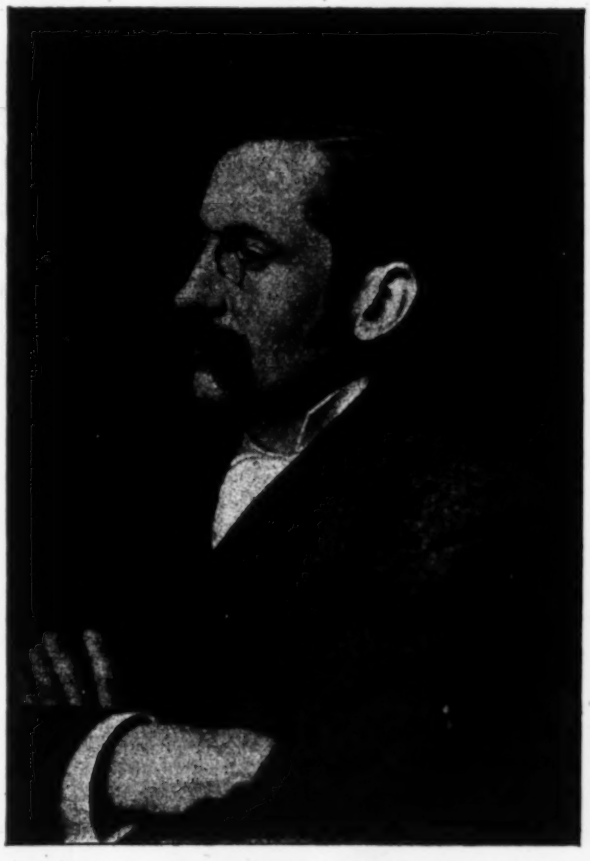
Dec. 8.—A good week, well sustained throughout. Foreign and colonial steady all round.

Dec. 15.—Trade brisk, but not maintained, as was hoped, and closed much easier. Some good orders from Japan, but colonial and foreign generally steady.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON.

'TALES of Mean Streets,' a review of which appears on p. 120 of our present issue, has received immediate recognition as a book of uncommon power. Its author collected the material for it in just such dreary streets as he describes, and in laborious and first-hand fashion. Yet his travels and sojournings in the East End were not undertaken for the sake of "copy." Until four or five years ago Mr. Morrison was the secretary of an old Charity Trust, much of whose operations took effect in East London, and it was by dint of several years' residence and attentive study that he learnt what he knows of the East End and its people. There are few streets and alleys in the great block bounded, roughly speaking, by the Thames, the Lea, the City, Kingsland, and the Hackney open spaces, that he has not made intimate acquaintance with.



From Photo by] MR. ARTHUR MORRISON. *[F. Hollyer.*

Mr. Morrison's literary career began with the acceptance of some cycling verses contributed by him as a lad to a cycling magazine; and for some years he was a well-known writer on the sport. From this he drifted into writing occasional articles for larger papers and magazines, still only by way of relaxation, although he had more than one offer of a journalistic post. Changes by the Charity Commission, however, leading to his resignation of the secretaryship, he straightway took chambers near the Strand, and joined the editorial staff of an old-established evening paper, wherein many of his earlier contributions had appeared. He remained at this work, writing leaderettes, articles, notes, and so forth for some months, when he became convinced that he could not long continue the daily round of hurried scribbling at ordinary journalism without permanently destroying any ability for better work that he might possess. His regular employment was therefore given up, but his contributions to the *Strand Magazine*, as well as to weekly papers and reviews, were readily accepted. A "legend" which he invented, and which appeared in *Macmillan's* some two years ago, appertaining to an old house in Essex, was taken seriously in a very solid article in a daily paper on the traditions of ghosts, and discussed as a matter of recognised folk-lore. Meanwhile, however, his mind had been running not on invention so much as on the possibility of presenting his observations of East London in terms of narrative. In October, 1891, a sketch of Mr. Morrison's, entitled "A Street," appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. This, in a remodelled form, now serves as the introduction to 'Tales of Mean Streets.' The article attracted some attention at the time, among others that of Mr. W. E. Henley, who confirmed him in his idea of writing a series of short stories and studies, presenting East End life with austerity, restraint, and frankness. The larger number of the "Tales" appeared in the *National Observer*, one or two following in the *Pall Mall Budget*. Mr. Morrison gratefully acknowledges the help he received from the kindly and frank criticism of Mr. Henley, to whom he dedicates his book, a criticism, by-the-bye, directed towards his craftsmanship rather than to his conceptions of the life he was trying to draw. From Mr. Walter Besant also, whom he met in the East End, Mr. Morrison received some hints on the technical A B C of fiction, which probably saved him many wasteful experiments.

His literary experience has been a happy one. Beginning as a complete outsider, having never had a letter of recommendation to any editor or publisher, he has made his way, and only remembers having four manuscripts rejected. One of these was accepted next day, and now has a place in his book.

Mr. Morrison, who is but thirty-one, is only at the beginning of his career. He has by no means exhausted the field in which he has made a name, and at the present moment is thinking of tackling a longer story of East End life.

THE READER.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SCOTLAND'S LAMENT.*

Her hands about her brows are pressed,
She goes upon her knees to pray,
Her head is bowed upon her breast,
And oh, she's sairly failed the day.

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put His finger on her eyes,
And then it was her tears that spoke.

"I've ha'en o' brawer sons a flow,
My Walter mair renown could win,
And he that followed at the plough,
But Louis was my Benjamin.

"Ye sons wha do your little best,
Ye writing Scots, put by the pen,
He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
I winna look at write again.

"It's sune the leave their childhood drap,
I've ill to ken them, gaen sae grey,
But aye he climbed intil my lap,
Or pu'd my coats to mak me play.

"He egged me on wi' mirth and prank,
We hangit gowans on a string,
We made the doakens walk the plank,
We mairit snails withoot the ring.

"'I'm auld,' I pant, 'sic ploys to mak,
To games your mither shouldna stoup,'
'You're gey an' auld,' he cries me back,
'That's fou I like to gar you loup!'

"O' thae bit ploys he made sic books,
A' mithers cam to watch us playing;
I feignèd no to heed their looks,
But fine I kent what they was saying!

"At times I lent him for a game
To north and south and east and west,
But no for lang, he sune cam hame,
For here it was he played the best.

"And when he had to cross the sea,
He wouldna lat his een grow dim,
He bravely dree'd his weird for me,
I tried to do the same for him.

"Ahint his face his pain was sair,
Ahint hers grat his waefu' mither,
We kent that we should meet nae mair,
The ane saw easy thro' the ither.

"For lang I've watched wi' trem'ling lip,
But Louis ne'er sin syne I've seen,
The greedy island keept its grip,
The cauldriff oceans rolled atween.

"He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
Oh, wae, the mither left alane!
He's deid, the ane I loo'ed the best,
Oh, mayna I hae back my nain!"

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put His finger on her eyes,
It was her tears alone that spoke.

Now out the lights went stime by stime,
The towns crept closer round the kirk,
Now all the firths were smored in rime,
Lost winds went wailing thro' the mirk.

A star that shot across the night
Struck fire on Pala's mourning head,
And left for aye a steadfast light,
By which the mother guards her dead.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she stands,
No more by vain regrets oppress't,
Once more her eyes are clear; her hands
Are proudly crossed upon her breast.

J. M. BARRIE.

* All rights reserved.

R. L. S.

Sitting alone by the sea in the mid days of November, I wrote a little article on what I loved most in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, and it was set in type for the January BOOKMAN. In itself a thing of no value, it pleased me to think that in his far island my friend would read it, and that it might amuse him. I have tried and failed to revise it in the gloom of the night that has come so swiftly to those who loved him. It would not do.

How could one alter and amend the light sentences with the sense of loss in one's heart? How sit down to write a "tribute" when one has slept, and started, and awaked all night with the dull ache that lies below Sleep saying all the time, "Stevenson is dead! Stevenson is dead!"?

It is true also that I have small right to speak of him. I was little to him; but then he was very much to me. He alone of mankind saw what pleased him in a little book of boyish verses.

Seven years ago he wrote to tell me so. He had a habit of quoting stray lines from it in successive letters to let me see that he remembered what he had praised. Yet he was ever as modest and brotherly as if I had been the great author and he the lad writing love verses to his sweetheart.

Without reproach and without peer in friendship, our king-over-the-water stood first in our hearts because his own was full of graciousness and tolerance and chivalry.

I let my little article be just as I wrote it for his eye to see, before any of us guessed that the dread hour was so near the sounding which should call our well-beloved "home from the hill."

S. R. CROCKETT.

Penicuik, Midlothian.

December 19th, 1894.

MR. STEVENSON'S BOOKS.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

IN sunny Samoa, more thousands of miles away than the ungeographical can count, sits "The Scot Abroad." For thus Burton the historian, sane, sage, and wise, wrote of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson before his time. It is the wont of Scotland that her sons, for adventure or merchandise, should early expatriate themselves. The ships of the world in all seas are engineered from the Clyde, and a "doon-the-watter" accent is considered as necessary as lubricating oil, in order that the plunging piston rods may really enjoy their rhythmic dance. If you step ashore anywhere "east of Suez and the Ten Commandments," ten to one the first man of your tongue who greets you, will hail in the well-remembered accent of the Scotch gardener who chased you out of the strawberry plots of your unblessed youth.

From Photo by] MR. STEVENSON AS HOST. [*J. Davis, Apia, Samoa.*

Entertainment given to the Band of the *Katoomba*. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, and Mr. Balfour (cousin of Mrs. Stevenson senior), with sailors from the *Katoomba*, Samoan work-people, Samoan servants, and invited guests. A cosmopolitan party.

But to us who "stop at home, on flowery beds of ease," made aware of ourselves only when the east wind blows and we think that we are back in St. Andrews, the typical "Scot Abroad" is neither Burton's Gentleman Companion at Arms nor the oily chief engineer, but Mr. Stevenson.

On high in a cool bowery room on the hillside, looking down on the league-long rollers forming themselves to be hurled on the shore, sits one with his heels on the coco-matting of Samoa, but his head over the Highland border. The chiefs gather for palaver (or whatever they are pleased to call hunkering-and-blethering out there), and they tell the Tale-teller of heads taken and plantations raided. And he stays his pen and arbitrates, or he "leaves for the front," as though he were plenipotentiary of the Triple Alliance. But all the while it is James More Macgregor who is marching out arrayed in a breech-clout and a Winchester "to

plunder and to ravish"—or carry off an heiress lass from the lowlands, as was good Macgregor use-and-wont.

They call the beautiful new complete "Stevenson" which Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Charles Baxter have contrived and organised, the "Edinburgh" edition, because though the stars of the tropics glow like beacons, and in Apia the electric light winks a-nights like glow-worms amid a wilderness of green leaves, yet to the lad who sits aloft there are still "no stars like the Edinburgh street lamps." But my own local enthusiasms are duller, for the last night I was in Edinburgh I saw a wind (Rajputana and Edinburgh are the only two places where you can see wind)—I saw a wind, with the bit between its teeth, run off with itself down that romantic wall of hotels, which in the night looks like the thunder-battered wall of the Dungeon of Buchan. I saw it snatch out a dozen gaps in the converging perspective of the gaslamps, and bring down the chimney-cans clashing on the pavement like forest leaves in a November blast. So Mr. Stevenson, who does not live there, "for love and euphony" names his collected edition (to which be all good luck and fostering breezes) "The Edinburgh Edition." I have just seen the first volume, which in its brightness and beauty seems a summary of all the perfections, and whose print recalls that in which the early novels of Scott were set up. Mr. Hole's portrait suffers a little from the excessive size of the hands, but in spite of this is by far the most characteristic and Stevensonian portrait ever done, and represents him exactly as his friends remember him at the most productive period his genius has yet known.

To me the most interesting thing in Mr. Stevenson's books is always Mr. Stevenson himself. Some authors (perhaps the greatest) severely sit with the more ancient gods, and serenely keep themselves out of their books. Most of these authors are dead now. Others put their personalities in, indeed; but would do much better to keep them out. Their futilities and pomposities, pose as they may, are no more interesting than those of the chairman of a prosperous limited company. But there are a chosen few who cannot light a cigarette or part their hair in a new place without being interesting. Upon such in this life, interviewers bear down in shoals with pencils pointed like spears; and about them as soon as they are dead—lo! begins at once the "chatter about Harriet."

Mr. Stevenson is of this company. Rarest of all, his friends have loved and praised him so judiciously that he has no enemies. He might have been the spoiled child of letters. He is only "all the world's Louis." The one unforgivable thing in a chequered past is that at one time he wore a black shirt, to which we refuse to be reconciled on any terms.

But when he writes of himself, how supremely excellent is the reading. It is good even when he does it intentionally, as in 'Portraits and Memories.' It is better still when he sings it, as in his 'Child's Garden.' He is irresistible to every lonely child who reads and thrills, and reads again to find his past recovered for him with effortless ease. It is a book never long out of my hands, for only in it and in my dreams when I am touched with fever, do I grasp the long, long thoughts of a lonely child and a hill-wandering boy—thoughts I never told to any; yet which Mr. Stevenson tells over again to me as if he read them off a printed page.

I am writing at a distance from books and collections of Stevensoniana, so that I cannot quote, but only vaguely follow the romancer through some of his incarnations. Of course every romancer, consciously or unconsciously, incarnates himself, especially if he writes his books in the first person. It is he who makes love to the heroine; he who fights with the Frenchman "who never can win"; he who climbs the Mountain Perilous with a dirk between his teeth.

But Mr. Stevenson writes the fascination of his personality into all his most attractive creations, and whenever I miss the incarnation, I miss most of the magic as well. Jim Hawkins is only "the Lantern Bearer" of North Berwick Links translated into the language of adventure on the high seas—the healthier also for the change. I love Jim Hawkins. On my soul I love him more even than Alan Breck. He is the boy we should all like to have been, though no doubt David Balfour is much more like the boys we were—without the piety and the adventures. I read Stevenson in every line of 'Treasure Island.' It is of course mixed of Erraid and the island discovered by Mr. Daniel Defoe But we love anything of such excellent breed, and the crossing only improves it. Our hearts dance when Mr. Stevenson lands his cut-throats, with one part of himself as hero and the other as villain. John Silver is an admirable villain, for he is just the author genially cutting throats. Even when he pants three times as he sends the knife home, we do not entirely believe in his villainy. We expect to see the murdered seaman about again and hearty at his meals in the course of a chapter or two. John is a villain at great expense and trouble to himself; but we like him personally, and are prepared to sit down and suck an apple with him, even when he threatens to stove in our "thunder ing old blockhouse and them as dies will be the lucky ones." In our hearts we think the captain was a little hard on him. We know that it is Mr. Stevenson all the time, and are terrified exactly like a three-year-old who sees his father take a rug over his head and "be a bear." The thrill is delicious, for there is just an off chance that after all the thing may turn out to be a bear; but still we are pretty easy that at the play's end the bearskin will be tossed aside, the villain repent, and John Silver get off with a comfortable tale of pieces of eight.

No book has charted more authentically the topographical features of the kingdom of Romance than 'Treasure Island.' Is that island in the South or in the North Atlantic? Is it in the "Spanish main"? What *is* the Spanish main? Is it in the Atlantic at all? Or set a jewel somewhere in the wide Pacific, or strung on some fringe of the Indian Ocean? Who knows or cares? Jim Hawkins is there. His luck, it is true, is something remarkable. His chances are phenomenal. His imagination, like ours, is running free, and we could go on for ever hearing about Jim. We can trust Jim Hawkins, and void of care we follow his star.

O for one hour of Jim in the 'Wrecker' to clear up the mystery of the many captains, or honest and reputable John Silver to do for the poor Scot down below in a workman-like manner when he came running to him, instead of firing as it were "into the brown" till that crying stopped—a touch

for which we find it hard to forgive Mr. Stevenson—pardon, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

Again, Alan Breck is ever Alan, and bright shines his sword; but he is never quite Jim Hawkins to me. Nor does he seem even so point-device in 'Catriona' as he was in the round house or with his foot on the heather. But wherever Alan Breck goes or David Balfour follows, thither I am ready to fare forth, unquestioning and all-believing.

But when I do not care very much for any one of Mr. Stevenson's books, it is chiefly the lack of Mr. James Hawkins that I regret. Jim in doublet and hose—how differently he would have sped "The Black Arrow"! Jim in trousers and top hat—he would never have been found in the "Black Box," never have gone out with Huish upon the "Ebb Tide." John Silver never threw vitriol, but did his needs with a knife in a gentlemanly way, and that was because Jim Hawkins was there to see that he was worthy of himself. Jim would never have let things get to such a pass as to require Attwater's bullets splashing like hail in a pond over the last two pages to settle matters in any sort of way.

I often think of getting up a petition to Mr. Stevenson (it is easy to get around Robin), beseeching "with sobs and tears" that he will sort out all his beach-combers and Yankee captains, charter a rakish saucy-sailing schooner, ship Jim Hawkins as ship's boy or captain (we are not particular), and then up anchor with a Yo-Ho-Cheerily for the Isle of our Heart's Desire, where they load Long Toms with pieces of eight, and, dead or alive, nobody minds Ben Gunn.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEN one came in with omens of sadness on his face and told us that Stevenson was dead, each man had a sense of personal bereavement. None of us had ever seen him, save one—and that was long ago; none of us had ever read a letter of his writing, save one—and he ransacked his memory for the least word. We had no "eagle's feather" to show; there was nothing between this man and us save the mystical tie that binds a writer and his readers in the kingdom of letters. He had led us in through the ivory gate, and shown us things eye hath not seen; and all his service had been given at a great cost of suffering. Filled with the enthusiasm of his art, he beat back death time after time, and only succumbed like J. R. Green and Symonds, his brethren in letters and affliction, after he had achieved imperishable fame, "monumentum aere perennius."

Mr. Stevenson had not to complain, with Sir Thomas More, that readers of books were so "unkind and ungenteel that though they take great pleasure and delectation in the work, yet, for all that, they cannot find in their hearts to love the author thereof"; for though he was exiled from his native land, yet he lived in the heart of every reading man, not only because he was a great writer, but also because he was a bright soul with faith in God and man.

Fourteen years ago our author laid down in the *Fortnightly Review* the "two duties incumbent on any man who enters on the business of writing—"truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment." One dares to say without rebuke to-day, that he fulfilled his own conditions, for he saw life whole and he wrote of it with sympathy. He rought also to his task a delicate genius, which gave him an almost solitary place. It was difficult to name a living artist in words that could be compared with him who reminded us at every turn of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt. There are certain who compel words to serve them and never travel without an imperial body guard; but words waited on Stevenson like "nimble servitors," and he went where he pleased in his simplicity because every one flew to anticipate his wishes. His style had the thread of gold, and he was the perfect type of the man of letters—a humanist whose Greek joy in the beautiful was annealed to a fine purity by his Scottish faith; whose kinship was not with Boccaccio and Rabelais, but with Dante and Spenser. His was the magical touch that no man can explain or acquire: it belongs to those only who have drunk at the Pierian spring. There is a place at the marriage feast for every honest writer, but we judge that our master will go to the high table and sit down with Vergil and Shakespere and Goethe and Scott.

The mists of his native land and its wild traditions passed into his blood so that he was at home in two worlds. In one book he would analyse human character with such weird power that the reader shudders because a stranger has been within his soul; in another he hurries you along a breathless story of adventure till your imagination fails for exhaustion. Never did he weary us with the pedantry of modern problems. Nor did he dally with foul vices to serve the ends of purity. Nor did he feed

> "A gibing spirit
> Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
> Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools."

One subject he approached late in his work, but we are thankful he has at least given Barbara Grant and Catriona. What he might have done one can only imagine, who expected another Portia from his hands. He was buried far from the land he loved, but they chose his grave well, on the mountain top, and his funeral has been described already, save that his disciples were not there.

> "'This man decided not to live, but know;
> Bury this man there?'
> 'Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
> Lightnings are loosened,
> Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
> Peace let the dew send!
> Lofty designs must close in like effects;
> Loftily lying
> Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
> Living and dying.'"

IAN MACLAREN.

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN GEORGE MEREDITH AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SOMETIME in the seventies Robert Louis Stevenson came with his mother and took up his abode for a summer at the romantic little inn at the foot of Box Hill known as the Burford Arms. At that time we were living about ten minutes' walk from the little hostel, and among our most honoured and best beloved friends was the sage of Box Hill, George Meredith. A publisher friend wrote to us from London and begged my mother to make the acquaintance of Mr. Louis Stevenson, requesting her if possible to invite him to meet George Meredith. Thus it came to pass that Robert Louis Stevenson, then entirely unknown to fame, would occasionally drop into our garden

and sit at the feet of the philosopher and listen with rapt attention and appreciative smiles to his conversation.

I well remember the eager listening face of the student Stevenson, and remember his frank avowal that from henceforth he should enrol himself "a true blue Meredith man." He was an inspiring listener, and had the art of drawing out the best of Mr. Meredith's brilliant powers of conversation, so that those were halcyon days. Though preferring to listen, Mr. Stevenson would speak of Dumas, Hazlitt, Defoe, Congreve, and a host of other writers and creators of fiction with enthusiasm and with that artistic appreciation of their various and differing qualities which is only possible to a workman in the same craft. Everyone knows how Stevenson taught himself to write, in the literary sense of that word, by loving and constant search for the apt word, the artistic and appropriate phrase with which to clothe his thought so that the adjectives and nouns, original and effective though they might be in their application, should yet slip into their right places in the narrative, and seemingly without effort, for simplicity is the soul of a good style.

Mr. Stevenson had by this time given up all thought of following his father's profession, and likewise of making a career at the Scottish bar. He had already written and published a good many of his delightful essays; but his name was unknown, and his success far from assured when we knew him in the seventies. I never met him after fame and glory had crowned his efforts.

My sister, I remember, was much interested in Stevenson, and even in those early days, expected great things from him in the future. And I well remember her satisfaction, one afternoon when after he had taken his departure from our circle, and one of us was idly wondering why our friend, the publisher, was so hopeful about young Stevenson's future, Mr. Meredith trumpeted down our feeble utterances by informing us that some day he felt sure we should all be proud to have known him, and prophesied success and fame for him in the future. I was not so discriminating, and remember when 'Treasure Island,' 'Virginibus Puerisque,' and his other masterpieces appeared, feeling surprised that they should be the work of the silent and, truth to tell, rather dejected-looking youth who had lodged with his mother in our neighbourhood for a short space of time, and whose highest merit in my eyes had been his enthusiastic appreciation of George Meredith's writings and conversation.

Yet I can remember two of Mr. Stevenson's sayings that struck me at the time, and have in consequence remained in my memory ever since. One day he wandered in, and with a desolate expression of countenance, remarked that he was having a bad time with his heroine. He said, "She is turning ugly on my hands. It is no use my saying she is beautiful and charming and fascinating, and that everybody in the book is falling in love with her—it is unconvincing, and I feel the reader won't believe it, and I don't know what to do." The exact words, I fear, I do not accurately remember, but that, at any rate, was the substance of his observation. And I remember how delighted he was when his confession drew from George Meredith a treatise on heroines in general, and his own in particular. I understand that Mr. Stevenson always felt that he had not the gift of describing women characters with vitality, and when 'Catriona,' his greatest achievement in that difficult task, was published, his keenest anxiety was to know what was thought of her and Barbara Grant by the critics and literary judges in England.

One other day I remember we were talking of our dislike to prigs as heroes in books, and Mr. Stevenson said, "An aspirant novelist should always comprehend that if in the first two or three chapters of books readers are convinced that the hero cannot by any possibility do or think anything wrong, or commit even the smallest indiscretion, the authors have given themselves away, and by no possibility can readers be any more interested in the adventures and fortunes of such immaculate but unattractive characters."

My sister who, as I have said before, had a more perceptive appreciation of the possibilities of his silence than my duller self, gradually acquired possession of all his publications; and when two years ago she passed away from among us, she left to me as her special bequest her collection of his books, and so as I write at my desk to-day in the bookcase at my side stand all my Stevensons in their first editions, reminding me of those delectable days in Surrey of which I have endeavoured to give a little account in this short article.

ALICE GORDON.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

IX.—TO HER VISIT TO THE HERMITAGE.

IT has never been shown that Knox was involved in the plot against Rizzio. The evidence against him—if evidence it can be called—is infinitesimal as compared with that against Lethington; yet Mr. Skelton, with characteristic perversity, repeatedly charges the one with complicity, and tries to clear the other.

"The tragedy took place," writes Mr. Skelton, "in the early twilight of an evening in March. It had been a day of fasting; the zealots of the congregation had gathered into the great church in the High Street to hear how Oreb and Zeeb had been slain, how the Benjamites had been cut off, how Haman had been hanged. There was a hush of expectation throughout the city; the not altogether obscure intimations which Knox had ventured to make from the pulpit had prepared the 'professors' for the coming judgment." Strange as it may seem, the lessons prescribed for that day contain nothing about Oreb or Zeeb, the slaughter of the Benjamites, or Haman; and Mr. Skelton cannot produce Knox's text or a single sentence from his sermon. Probably all that he knows about the fast has been derived from Goodall's distorted account. Hosack, Petit, and others have been readily caught with the same bait. But Goodall is much too tame for Mr. Skelton, who elsewhere asserts that "in the form of prayer prepared by Knox" for the fast, "his knowledge of the plot enabled him to exercise his prophetic gifts with marked advantage." Nevertheless, that form of prayer, though examined microscopically, yields not the slightest reference to the Rizzio tragedy, or prophetic hint of any kind! In his desire to be graphic, Mr. Skelton has probably drawn on his own disordered imagination.

"No hint of the outrage appears to have reached the magistrates of the city until the following morning," says Mr. Skelton; but this is only a harmless specimen of his

utter contempt for well-known facts. The common bell was rung that evening, the Provost and townsmen in armour rushed to the palace, desiring to see the Queen, anxious to speak with her, and only retiring when ordered to do so by Darnley, who assured them that she was well. It was hardly worth while, on such a point, to contradict the continuator of Knox, the 'Diurnal of Occurrents,' Lord Ruthven, and Mary herself.

Quickly as the colours in a kaleidoscope did the stirring events of the next nine days follow one another—Darnley's proclamation discharging the Parliament, the arrival of Murray, his touching meeting with Mary, the negotiations of the Lords to obtain her pardon, her detaching the wayward Darnley from them, her regaining complete ascendancy over him, her skilfully planned and daring escape, her long gallop to Dunbar in the early hours of Tuesday morning, the formal appearance at the Tolbooth of Murray and the others who had been summoned for that day, her proclamations charging many of her subjects to meet her "in feir of war" at Haddington and Musselburgh, the departure of the lords "with dollorous hartis" on Sabbath morning from Edinburgh, the departure of Knox in the afternoon "with ane greit murnyng of the godlie," and her triumphant entry next day.*

Ruthven's narrative reveals Darnley as sensual, unstable, base, and brutal; Nau's story of the midnight escape portrays him as cowardly, coarse, and callous. He proves himself to have been shamelessly untruthful by his solemn declaration, dated the 20th of March, denying all knowledge of and complicity in the Rizzio conspiracy, and owning merely that he had consented to the home-bringing of Murray and the others without Mary's cognizance. She knew too much, however, to accept this declaration as entirely true; and she soon saw enough to convince her that it was entirely false. Darnley had thrown off his fellow-conspirators. They retaliated by sending to Mary the bond he had signed, "not only showing his complicity, but that he had ordered the thing to be done." Within a fortnight after his declaration was issued, she had also seen the articles between him and the lords, and was grievously offended that he had sought the crown-matrimonial by their means.

It is not surprising that, as De Silva puts it, Mary fell out with Darnley again. With his instability her friends and enemies were alike dissatisfied. Before the middle of April he left the Court for Stirling, to treat with Argyll and Murray; but, as she sent Robert Melville to forbid them, he was baulked. At this time their discord was so much talked of, that it was commonly believed that Thornton had gone to Rome to sue for a divorce; and the nobles ignored him. By the first week of May the mis-liking between Mary and him had so increased, that it was judged he could not long dwell safely in Scotland. By another week, Randolph learned that Argyll and Murray's dislike of him was exceedingly great; but early in June he and Mary were reconciled, and Argyll and Murray were also with her in Edinburgh Castle.

* In the 'Records of Edinburgh,' there is the following curious notice of the payment of six shillings and eightpence to "Cudbert Broun, tavernar, quha playit on the swesche, the xviii day of Merche instant, quhen our Soverains come furth of Dunber to this toun, the inhabitantis thairof being assemblit to meit hir Grace."

Within the Castle, too, was Sir James Melville, praying "nycht and day for hir Majesteis gud and happy delyvery of a fair sonne." Between ten and eleven in the forenoon of Wednesday, the 19th of June, 1566, he was informed by Mary Betoun that his prayer had been granted. As he took horse it struck twelve; that night he was at Berwick; and on Sabbath evening he delivered the good news in London. "Efter his birth," says the 'Diurnal,' "all the artailzerie of the castell schot, and banefyris wer sett furth in all pairtis for joy of the samyn." If the joy is to be estimated by the number of the bonfires, it must indeed have been great, for Drury says there were about five hundred in Edinburgh On Friday Killigrew left Berwick for the Scottish Court, where he found Argyll, Murray, Marr, and Atholl linked together. Bothwell was on the Borders, with the Master of Maxwell, but had more credit with Mary than all the rest together. On Monday afternoon Killigrew saw her, when she spake faintly, with a hollow cough. The prince, only five days old, he saw as good as naked, and thought him well-proportioned.

It was soon after the birth of the Prince that, according to Buchanan, Mary went to Newhaven, and—with some of Bothwell's servants, "famous robberis and pyrates"—embarked for Alloa, where, during her stay of several days, she indulged "in mair than princely or rather unprincely licentiousnes." This was at the end of July. Buchanan, Nau, Spottiswoode, Calderwood, and Keith write as if there had only been one excursion to Alloa; but Goodall and Chalmers cite the 'Register of Privy Seal,' to show that Mary returned again for a few days in the beginning of August. Chalmers says that she went by water, as she had no wheeled carriage, and was not strong enough to go on horseback; but Joseph Robertson shows that she had a coach. She liked sailing. At least, Buchanan says, she could abide at the pump, and "joyit to handill the boysterous cabilis." If the contemporary records and writers do not bear out Buchanan's grosser charges, they corroborate some of his details. Bedford, in his letter of 3rd August, states that when Mary left Edinburgh Castle, Darnley knew nothing of it; and Nau's narrative coincides with Buchanan's on two points—that Darnley arrived at Alloa after her, and only stayed a few hours. Keith, Goodall, and Chalmers assert that he remained two nights with her there; but these writers were misled by an imperfect abstract of Bedford's letter of 9th August.

Just before the visit to Alloa, Bedford had learned that Bothwell carried all credit in the Court, and that he was the most hated man among the nobles in Scotland. A few days afterwards, he wrote that Bothwell's insolence was so great that Rizzio was never more abhorred; that Mary agreed rather worse than before with Darnley—seldom eating with him, and loving none who loved him; and that "it cannot for modestie nor with the honour of a queene be reported what she said of hym." After the Alloa visit, he notified that the disagreement rather increased, and that Darnley had gone to Dunfermline. It was about this time that Mary declared to Murray that the King was determined to kill him. He had heard that the Earl was not his friend. It was said that Darnley could not bear that "the Queen should use familiarity either with men or women"; and

within four months Du Croc wrote that she could not perceive "any one nobleman speaking with the King, but presently she suspects some contrivance among them."

The harmony which Castelnau was able to report did not last long. While in Megot-land, in the middle of August, with Bothwell, Mar, and Murray, Buchanan charges her with nothing worse than behaving coyly, loftily, and disdainfully to her husband. On the other hand, Nau tells a story, incredible enough, to show Darnley's heartlessness towards her. At Glenartney her conduct to him, according to Buchanan, was the same as at Megot-land.

On the 5th of September, Mary was reconciled to Lethington at Stirling. Next day she returned to Edinburgh with Murray and Argyll, leaving the infant Prince in charge of the Countess of Murray. She was again in Stirling on the 22nd of September, and on the 24th was back in Edinburgh. Buchanan does not say that the scandalous story of her amatory exploits with Bothwell in the Exchequer House as well known at the time. Had the members of Privy Council heard the story, and known it to be true they could hardly have reminded Darnley, on the 30th, that he ought to thank God for giving him so wise and virtuous a wife. And while the oft-quoted letters of Du Croc and the Privy Council show that Mary and Darnley were on bad terms, they confute Buchanan's assertion that Darnley followed her from Stirling to Edinburgh, only to be again excluded "with maist dishonourabill disdane."

When Bothwell was wounded by Elliot of the Park—little Jock Elliot—on the 7th of October, it was rumoured that he was slain. "Happy had it been for Mary," says Sir Walter Scott, "had the dagger of the moss-trooper struck more home." There is some uncertainty as to the exact day on which Mary left Edinburgh for Jedburgh, to hold the long-arranged-for Justice Court. The 'Diurnal' gives the 7th of October as the date of her departure, and Birrel gives the 8th. Father Stevenson says she left Edinburgh on the 8th, and reached Jedburgh on the same day; but Mary herself dated a letter to the Pope from Edinburgh on the 9th; and a letter of Forster's—which Father Stevenson, in his 'Calendar,' has misplaced by a year—bears that she arrived in Jedburgh on Wednesday, which was the 9th. The 'Register of Privy Council' shows that she was there on the 10th. She may, therefore, have been as far as Borthwick when she heard of Bothwell's injury; and her ride to Jedburgh was apparently rapid, as well as long. Buchanan's exaggerated narrative, however, implies a sustained, headlong haste—her affection, "impatient of delay," urging her towards the object of "hir outragious lust"; whereas, according to Lord Scrope's letter, she did not ride to the Hermitage until the 15th; or, as the 'Register of Privy Seal' is cited, until the 16th. So far as the Justice Court was concerned, she might have gone on the 10th or 11th, as no cause or complaint had been lodged; but Nau tells that that week she was troubled with the spleen. It is rather curious that even Nau should say, "she went very speedily" to the Hermitage; but instead of adopting the language of the 'Detection'—that she went "with ane company as na man of ony honest degre wald have adventurit his life and his gudes amang"—he is careful to state that she was accompanied by Murray and some other lords, in whose presence she conversed with Bothwell.

D. HAY FLEMING.

NEW BOOKS.

ODES AND OTHER POEMS.*

I remember the exquisite pleasure with which, long enough after its publication, I first read 'Wordsworth's Grave.' I remember the instant sense of a new voice in English song, of a Doric note, tonic and austere, rising up amongst the modish Lydian harmonies. For the third time, I fancied, in the history of the century, the spirit of the becks and fells, which had been resonant in my own childhood, was to exercise its sanative influence upon literature. Since then Mr. Watson has assured his poetic reputation, and it is somewhat timidly that one asks oneself how far his later work has fulfilled that fine early promise. 'Odes and Poems' contain some notably good things, upon Mr. Watson's highest level of achievement. In the lines "To Arthur Christopher Benson" he handles a difficult stanza-form with admirable dignity and restraint.

"In that grave shade august
That round your Eton clings,
To you the centuries must
Be visible corporate things,
And the high Past appear
Affably real and near,
For all its grandiose airs, caught from the mien of Kings."

The unadorned simplicity, the excellent grace of felicitous epithet, which we admired of old, are here in full measure. In "A Study in Contrasts" a lighter vein is hit with considerable skill. "A great Angora watched his Colliesbip"; and on this is woven a philosophic reverie, of East and West, in the fashion of some of Matthew Arnold's daintiest work. But the conspicuous success of the volume is undoubtedly "The First Skylark of Spring." The theme, a comparison of the triumphant bird-music with the faltering accents of human song; the manner sustained and complete in its individuality throughout. I have only room for a few stanzas.

"Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars;
On thee no shreds of thraldom hang:
Not more enlarged, the morning stars
Their great Te Deum sang.

But I am fettered to the sod,
And but forget my bonds an hour;
In amplitude of dreams a god,
A slave in dearth of power.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,
And fretful ignorance irks it more.
Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,
And lightly held'st thy lore!

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
In porches of the lucent morn,
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,
Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
The sweet sky seemed not far above,
And young and lovesome came the note;—
Ah, thine is Youth and Love!"

If Mr. Watson always wrote with this direct magic of intuition one would have little fear for his poetic immortality; but unfortunately it is at present his rarer mood. With the exception of the pieces already quoted, and of two or three others, the bulk of the contents of this volume surely lacks not only inspiration, but even distinction. There is much that is bald, much unillumined. The verses addressed respectively to R. H. Hutton and H. D. Traill are alike spoilt by passages of infinite bathos; nor do I know of any English adjective proper to characterise Mr. Watson's attempt to "write up" the National Anthem to the standard of a Liberal age. It is *incroyable*.

Mr. Watson has admitted from time to time with a natural regret that his lays are not due—

"to the force of sheer, immense,
Importunate lyric opulence."

His muse is a rare, elusive visitant;

"A fitful presence, seldom tarrying long,
Capriciously she touches me to song."

* 'Odes and other Poems.' By William Watson. (John Lane 1894.

I cannot but feel that he is not always content to wait upon her withheld word; that occasionally he tries to compel her to his service; that in a noisy age he too has fallen into the error of trying to sing for the sake of singing, and not for the sake of the song. Nor is his style one which will endure these liberties taken with it. He has deliberately chosen a manner unadorned and severe; one eminently adapted to set forth real thought and real feeling, but not to convey a specious charm in the absence of these. When you have something to say, few words and simple are very well; when you have nothing, the fripperies of art best conceal the fact. And just at present, it looks as if Mr. Watson had nothing very definite to say. I hope that he will soon attain to criticise himself as nicely as he has criticised others, to recognise that his too is a "frugal note," and to be content to write little and that little choicely good. EDMUND K. CHAMBERS.

THE REVOLUTIONARY AND NAPOLEONIC ERA.*

The "Cambridge Historical Series," which opens with Mr. Rose's work, is another outcome of the University Extension movement. Professor Prothero has undertaken the task of editing and general superintendence, on which its success must so largely depend. His Preface promises well. The aim is to furnish a complete and in more senses than one a voluminous History of Europe from the Fifteenth Century, for each National History is to occupy a separate volume. To this rule the present instalment, in its more or less international character, is a natural exception.

Mr. Rose has succeeded because his plan is an excellent one, and he has adhered to it steadily. His theme is the European Revolution from 1789 to 1815, and he treats it in its wide European aspect, suppressing or minimizing those familiar, picturesque details which tend to obscure rather than elucidate the main play of events. All Histories of the French Revolution are from the point of view of General History singularly misleading. They are always totally alien to the contemporary phases of European opinion. Fancy how an intelligent English or Russian reader about 1800 would have stared at the pages of Carlyle or Michelet! Just remember that Europe, even England, had quite forgotten about the Bourbons and their divine rights, and that the Restoration, though it reads like the premeditated *denouement* of the drama, was really but a hasty afterthought. Europe was not even aware that any drama was going on. Europe—that wicked old Europe of greedy scheming Kings and Statesmen—saw nothing tragic, epic, Æschylean and so on in the French Revolution; regarded it cursorily as a lucky interlude of internal strife, which for a time kept away from the European gaming table one of the most formidable and unscrupulous of the players. The Kings would have been charmed to see the Revolution going on for ever—"the fewer the better fare" when aggressions and partitions were on foot—provided always the French would kindly keep their Revolutions to themselves. This curious error on our part applies peculiarly to the years from 1780 to 1793. To most readers they merely suggest the preparation and perpetration of the great French tragedy. But the intrigues of the French court, the fortunes of French ministries, the constitutional experiments, the social disorders and general hubbub in France, were but the private concerns of one out of many misgoverned countries. At no period was Europe more intent upon schemes and ambitions of the utmost importance, never was the web of diplomacy more complicated, never did the balance of power oscillate more capriciously than when France was effacing itself. That Mr. Rose does not ignore these too often neglected events goes far to prove his competence for an investigation requiring much sobriety of judgment. He is among those few who are beginning to see the true import of the Revolutionary and Cæsarian epoch in Europe. A drama it is no doubt, but we have hitherto mistaken the hero. For the hero, who after all the trials and troubles and horrors and heroics emerges triumphant as the curtain falls, is not the glorious French Republic, One (there have been three) and Indivisible (minus Alsace-Lorraine)—the Incorruptible famed from Cairo to Panama—the Patron of the oppressed, especially in its colonial aspect—the Consistent Enemy of Tyrants and very humble servant of the Czar. No, the true hero of this gigantic and most costly performance is the Spirit of Nationality. Throughout Mr. Rose keeps this fact steadily in view. But he hardly seems to see strongly enough two important points. First, that this national spirit dates back to remote times—to the tenth century at least, if not earlier, and that the process was a lengthy and gradual one by which political consciousness and initiative were transferred from the nations to their scheming and blundering kings. Add to this the paralysing influence of the Papal and Imperial Ideas—but after all this is rather a matter of Mediæval history. Anyhow, the National movement was distinctly a revival, a resurrection, and not a new birth. Secondly, he might have noted that this National Spirit was in its remote origin, as in its revival, purely Teutonic. The Latin and Sclavonic nations derived it from German colonization or infection. Hence the revival was appropriately signalized by the German call to arms after Jena.

The French Revolution begat Military Cæsarism and that begat the National Revival. But the grandsire repudiates the paternity of his detested grandchild. For we must never forget that the National Movement, with all its honourable traditions of Liberalism and all the light and freedom it has spread through the world, is in deadly opposition to the Immortal Principles of the Year One, to that dream of Cosmopolitan Fraternity in which all the nations were to be equal brethren—with France of course for the Elder Brother who would stand no nonsense and make everybody else know his place. To the French Revolution Europe owes nothing save in the sense that we owe the present St. Paul's to the Great Fire. Even in this sense we are debtors rather to Cæsarism, for without Napoleon the Revolution would never have shaken the thrones. The truth is that France under both auspices became an intolerable nuisance, which the kings alone were unable to put down in their old kingly way; they had to stand aside and call their peoples to the front. The nations triumphed over the Corsican, and then defied diplomats and Holy Alliances to bundle them away again to the background. They demanded, and by hook and crook they gained, what they called their rights, but, mark well, those rights were not based on the inspired rhetoric of the Girondins, but on their own national traditions and on those universal instincts of manly freedom whereof the French have no monopoly.

Keeping these principles in view, Mr. Rose writes not as a Frenchman—Bonapartist, Legitimist or Republican—but as a historian. He does not treat Europe as the mere background to the picturesque action of French aggression, regarded either as a glorious achievement or a gigantic crime. He treats it in a cosmopolitan spirit with equal interest in the fortunes of each nation. And thus he infuses a peculiar interest into the pages of a concise summary or epitome of history which otherwise would naturally be dry reading. We strongly recommend the book, not merely to the student, but to more advanced readers. No one can be the worse for running over the period once more thus ably compressed into some 350 pages, and to many a one, even of our politicians, it will be a healthy shock to be reminded that the mightier force which crushed the mighty power of the French Revolution was not the League of Dynasties—not the greedy Catherine, the pious Alexander, the Austrian, English, Prussian potentates—not the good old Tory Wellingtons, Castlereaghs and Bluchers—not the Holy Alliance Metternich-Talleyrand-Nasselrode diplomatic cabal, but the overwhelming force of reviving National Liberalism. True, the kings and great captains led and led bravely—for lead they must, or be trampled down from behind. But the real avengers were the awakened nations—the Austrian and the Magyar outraged in their national pride—the newly enfranchised Prussian peasant chanting the verses of unmuzzled professors—the Russian serf streaming past the ruins of his Holy Moscow—the Iberian with reviving memories of past greatness—above all the magnificent dogged courage and self-sacrifice of Napoleon's most dreaded foe, the British taxpayer.

* 'The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era. 1789-1815.' By J. H. Rose, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.) Price 4s. 6d.

Naturally there are a few points on which we consider that Mr. Rose is mistaken, or rather has failed to accentuate the salient fact. This applies more especially to his epitome, perforce too slight, of the causes and earlier phases of the Revolution. It is hardly worth while to mention them. Later on he has selected his facts very judiciously, and seems to have omitted no one of real importance. His reflections are the reverse of padding—they are tersely put, weighty, and to the point. Some, for instance those on page 320, are remarkably sagacious and suggestive. Concise as is his style, it is not without colour. There is no trace of flippancy or omniscience, and his simple direct narration well sustains the dignity of history. Y. Y.

EROS AND PSYCHE.*

It is the penalty of some exquisite qualities in Mr. Bridges' style, as well as of a certain coldness and austerity it possesses, that second editions of his works are too often first announcements of his existence even to some cultivated persons.

It is nearly ten years ago since 'Eros and Psyche' appeared, a ten years noisy with lamentations over the triviality, frivolity, and morbidity of modern verse. The lamentations probably did not take account of Mr. Bridges, but they were perhaps justified by the fact that to name any other poem by a living writer, of equal scope, beauty of structure, perfection and dignity of expression, would not be very easy.

Mr. Bridges is a most fastidious craftsman; nay more, he is occasionally finnicking. A comparison with the earlier edition of this poem will reveal a few alterations betokening what seems superfluous and unrewarded conscientiousness. His worrying over the foolishness of English spelling, too, has an air of fidgetiness. And perhaps some of his tendency to over-elaborate, some of his cold aloofness, may lie a little deeper than the surface, and may be quite enough to account for his shrine being rather rarely frequented. Still, though humanity does not overflow in irrepressible gushes, there is an exquisite tenderness in his verse, and in this poem chiefly, which should appeal to all whose poetic sense is attuned to the appreciation of quiet effects that come of sincerity, who appreciate purity of aim, delicacy of ear, and a reverent love of beauty.

As for the substance and structure of the poem, Mr. Bridges himself calls it "little more than a translation." The "little more" makes just the difference, being of that character and quality to stamp his individuality and his artist's mark on it. True, he has followed Apuleius's "pleasant and delectable tale of the marriage of Cupid and Psyches" very closely, hardly altering a circumstance, or omitting a picturesque detail. Regarded merely as a free poetical translation of the wonderful tale of the old woman in the "Golden Ass," it is notable enough. When a comparison of the two is made it will be seen that Mr. Bridges, in his additions and amplifications, has never once erred against the gentle and gracious spirit of the story, and that its human tones, which are very audible in spite of its numerous Olympian actors, he has rendered with a low-breathing and intimate tenderness. Of the beauty for which the shrines of Aphrodite were forsaken he gives us a wistful vision—

> "But fairest Psyche still in favour rose,
> Nor knew the jealous power against her sworn:
> And more her beauty now surpass't her foe's,
> Since 'twas transfigured by the spirit forlorn,
> That writeth, to the perfecting of grace,
> Immortal question in a mortal face,
> The vague desire whereunto man is born."

A tale eminently picturesque, it has been Mr. Bridges' care not to blur and deaden, and he has succeeded to the extent even of adding many vivid revealing touches, though his embroidery is of so restrained and graceful a design that it never clashes with old memories of the story. His portrait of Pan, for instance, fits in with perfect conformity, but the rugged outlines and the rustic colours are from the English poet's hand.

A feature of this new edition is the division of the poem into sections corresponding to seasons, months, and days. Thus through the year, from March to March, we are told the story of Psyche's mysterious lover, her temptations, wanderings, sufferings, and final happiness, when

> "Psyche for her fall was quite forgiven,
> Since 'gainst herself when tempted to rebel,
> By others' malice on her ruin driven,
> Only of sweet simplicity she fell;—
> Wherein who fall may fall unto the skies;—
> And being foolish she was yet most wise,
> And took her trials patiently and well."

There is not a fault anywhere against delicacy and grace, and to relieve the monotony of even perfection, come many quiet thoughts of wisdom clad in wisdom's fittest garment, a grave simplicity. A. M.

* 'Eros and Psyche.' By Robert Bridges. New Edition. (Bell.)

EARLY LONDON THEATRES.*

This latest addition to the Camden Library is an elaborate and highly interesting treatise on the origin and history of the first London playhouses. A succeeding volume is to deal with the suburban theatres, including the celebrated Globe; the present is confined to the earlier and less known theatres in the Fields, which have hitherto received no systematic treatment except in Collier's unsatisfactory and inaccurate 'Annals of the Stage.' The author has made free use of the researches of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips and Mr. Rendle, but without at all impairing the originality of his book as a whole. As a writer he is lacking in clearness and finish, but his work shows immense industry and conscientiousness, and the amount and interest of his matter will easily atone for his defects of form. The playhouses with which he deals are the Theatre, the Curtain, Newington Butts, the Rose, the Hope, and the Swan, and the points for which he claims novelty are the views put forward as to the origin of the playhouse, the account of the official feud waged over the playhouses between the Corporation and the Privy Council, and the discusssion of the theatrical history of Newington Butts and Paris Garden. The existence of a theatre at the last named place before the Swan has been assumed on evidence which Mr. Ordish shows to be wholly inadequate, though it may be doubted if the commonly accepted assumption of a theatre at Newington Butts is substantially strengthened by his fresh arguments. It is interesting to note the connection he traces between the playhouse and the old English sports, but the most important feature of the book is the attention it calls to the opposition raised against the players by the Corporation of London, and its effects upon the theatrical history of the time. It led to the first playhouses being built where they were just outside the city boundaries, and was in fact the prime cause of their coming into existence, as till the players were expelled from the city in 1576 they had been content to perform in inn yards, and had found no necessity to erect structures of their own. It has also, indirectly, by giving rise to correspondence between the Corporation and the Privy Council, and to various lawsuits, furnished us with much of the material we have for reconstructing their history. Mr. Ordish's book is very welcome, and not the least fascinating parts of it are the quaint extracts he gives from Philip Henslowe's diary. Most of the maps have unfortunately been too blurred in the process of reduction to be of much value. R. W. R.

TWO BOOKS ON WHIST.†

About the second of these books it is not needful to say much. It contains excellent portraits of "Cavendish," James Clay, and C. Mossop, together with a diagram of that fabulous hand when, holding four trumps with two honours, the four best hearts, three best spades, and two best diamonds, the Duke of Cumberland is said to have backed himself for £20,000 to have played correctly, and to have lost every trick. The rest of the work seems to be a mere reprint of various unconnected articles on whist, which have appeared from time to time in various magazines. Whether

* 'Early London Theatres.' By T. Fairman Ordish. (Elliot Stock).

† 'English Whist.' By W. P. Courtney. (Richard Bentley and Sons.) 1894. 14s.
'The Whist Table.' Edited by "Portland." (London: John Hogg.) 1894.

ephemeral essays on "The Whist Snob," "The Evils of Nagging," "The Class 'Roarer,'" and the like, with some weak stories about card-sharpers and an Ode "To a Lady who was caught peeping at whist," are worth reprinting is, one would think, dubious. If, however, they are, it would certainly have been judicious in the editor not to include among them Lamb's immortal description of Mrs. Battle. The style of Elia is too strikingly in contrast with its surroundings.

Mr. Courtney's volume is of another class, and will find a welcome in many libraries and all card-rooms. It is one of those pleasant books which should not be put on a shelf, but left lying about, so that it may be picked up to beguile a *mauvais quart d'heure*, especially that very bad one, known to all whist-players, when three incomplete units await the addition of one more to make up what Pythagoras and Aristotle justly term "the perfect square." Unlike many treatises on the subject, which go as deeply into figures as an Algebra and are as crammed with rules as the Latin Grammar, this work professes only to amuse, and is, in fact, a rich collection of anecdotes brought together from a very wide range of reading and grouped with considerable skill. Princes and prelates, soldiers and statesmen, actresses and "archbishopesses," all take a hand in turn, and illustrate, by their wit or by their folly, the universal fascination of the game. From homely Latimer preaching to Cambridge undergraduates his famous sermon "On the Card" to von Moltke winning "the Grand Schlem" almost an hour before his death, from the days of "Whisk with Swabers," through long whist to short, right down to the present period of "antepenultimates" and "echoes," we have a series of stories exhibiting the conquests of the "triumph" card over all sorts and conditions of men.

How character comes out at whist! Here we see the great Napoleon picking up a trick which does not belong to him, and rebuked with a "Pardon, sire, on ne joue pas ici en conquérant," or handing over his image in gold to a lady at St. Helena with a curt "C'est moi." Louis Philippe dives under the table after a dropped coin, and is assisted by an ambassador, who with "elegant insolence" lights a 1000-franc note to help him in his search. Lord Henry Bentinck, when a rubber is arranged for him at a country house, in reply to his hostess's enquiry how he is getting on, turns to her with the words, "Pray, Lady Jersey, what do you call this game? It is so very amusing." Disraeli indulges in the apophthegm—it is "apothegm" on p. 301—"Those who want to lead must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends." Talleyrand spends hours every day at the game, but never plays well, because his thoughts are with other "kings and knaves" than those he holds in his hand. Illustrations might be multiplied by the score, but every one who has sat down to a whist-table can supply plenty from his own experience. "Mr. Pickwick humorous, the old lady serious, the fat gentlemen captious, and Mr. Miller timorous"—the rubber is an epitome of society.

That whist should flourish among statesmen and politicians is natural: "there is as much art," said Metternich, "in whist as in diplomacy." To lawyers it should also be congenial, and chapter viii. hints at the connection by its heading, "The Devil's Books and the Devil's Own." On the other hand, its affinity with ecclesiastics is less obvious, and there is a certain charm of incongruity about the title, "Prelates at Whist," which almost compels a reader to glance at that chapter first. Those, however, who follow the author's more judicious guidance, will find that he prefaces it with a study of the question, "Are cards a legitimate pleasure?" and it is only after being fortified with the *dicta* of Jeremy Taylor and Toplady that they are exposed to the shock of seeing Archbishop Cornwallis playing whist at Lambeth with his chaplain, who remarks that, though his Grace's right hand was useless, "it was wonderful to see how dexterously he would shuffle and play his cards." After him follow a long array of bishops, notable among them being the shrewd and autocratic Tomline, who, when he played with his chaplains, "selected the strongest suit in his own hand for trumps," and for that reason alone will rank with all good players far below the great "Henry of Exeter," whose game—would that he had more imitators!—is described as "sound and orthodox." After bishops *longo intervallo* come archdeacons, and undergraduates, who only know the Venerable Archdeacon Paley in an abridgment of his "Evidences," will be glad to meet him in his house at Lincoln extracting a shilling after dinner from each of his guests "to pay for the cards," or pocketing the stakes and triumphantly shouting in the language of the North—"Pay the people. U. P. spells geslings" (p. 61). But amid all Mr. Courtney's stories about great divines, the saying of one simple clergyman will outbalance a host of dignitaries, and elderly whist-players should buy this book if only for this one extract: "Keble—the saintly Keble—was another of these old-men players. At the close of his days (1865) he wrote to Sir John Taylor Coleridge of his 'nightly rubber or two,' and of his new pursuit he penned the happy phrase, 'A great step in old folks' education.'"

It would be pleasant to follow Mr. Courtney at length from New Zealand, where squatters play "the usual game, sheep-points and a bullock on the rubber," to Marlborough House, where Dizzy, who had just made the Queen an Empress, refused "sovereigns," and would only concede "crowns" to the Heir Apparent; but space forbids. Any one, however, who wants a puzzle will find it on p. 140, where Lord Tenterden manages a party of six, "so that they played two rubbers and sat out two," while any who wants a rule of life will find it in the sage reply of Cavour to a friend complaining of bad luck—"c'est que vous n'avez pas assez de respect pour les petites cartes." Finally, all who relish natural humour will appreciate this beautiful story quoted from 'A Campaigner at Home,' by John Skelton:

"An old lady, far advanced in years, was walking one day through a churchyard, when she stopped before three mounds that formed, as it were, three sides of a square. She seemed to be engaged in inward prayer, for her lips moved and there was moisture in her eyes. The graves were those of the late doctor and parson of the parish, and of an old East Indian, noted whist-players in their day. 'There they are,' she remarked, placidly, '*the auld rubber just waitin' for me to cut in.*'"

T. E. PAGE.

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT.*

The present book consists of copious extracts from the famous Journal joined together by slight threads of narrative—explanatory of the extracts, or designed to give the foreign reader an idea of contemporaneous events,—and a considerable number of letters written by Jules. There is no French book of the last quarter of a century better known than the brothers' diary, and it is, therefore, easy to call a translation superfluous. But the frequency and the success of English versions of very accessible French literature justify the task these ladies have set themselves. It is a matter of regret, however, that their translation is not more perfect; the book demanded nicer care than it has received, to judge by at least a few phrases which have been taken out of French and not brought into English.

But translation has been only one part of their task. Instead of giving the whole of the Journal, they have chosen to give selections, and, intentionally or not, they have by so doing considerably altered the effect of the French original. They are sure to be censured for this, and, as a rule, it is the worst sin a translator can commit. But in preserving most, not all, that is of real literary interest, and while giving the complete story, as told in the Journal, of the wonderful friendship between the two brothers, they have preserved what was of most general interest. More curious readers can go to the original, there to find what will certainly modify their opinion of the de Goncourts if it has been formed merely on this English translation of their Journal. Perhaps no writers of eminence were ever more capable of self-deception than they as to the value of their productions. The habit of noting their daily thoughts so grew on them that they lost all sense of proportion between thoughts worth noting and trivialities. And curiously, this seems more owing to the influence of the dead brother, who was yet probably the greater genius, than to the living. You will find empty commonplaces solemnly stated that would be hard to match, even in writers who just manage to scrape into print. The literary instinct was peculiarly strong in

* 'Edmond and Jules de Goncourt.' With Letters, and Leaves from their Journals. Compiled and translated by M. A. Belloc and M. Shedlock. With eight portraits. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

them; their resolution in the pursuit of their labours marvellous; the calm daring they certainly possessed made them pioneers in fiction; but men of original brain they cannot emphatically be called. Of first-class criticism you will find abundance in their pages; of original, inspiring thought the quantity is wonderfully small. And in spite of the idealism of Edmond, of the aristocratic polish of both, they manage in their Journal to give offence in a way that Zola, with all his frequent rough brutality, can never do. These modifying facts this English version gives little hint of, and the omission, of course, takes away from the human interest of the book as a truthful picture of two of the most remarkable literary personalities of the century. But it tells the greater and better part of their history and character, and that is enough as preliminary to a fuller acquaintance with them. French and English readers have a different standard of taste and toleration, and in trimming this book as they have done, the translators have perhaps cleverly contrived that it should produce about the same effect on readers here as the French version does in France. We have no quarrel with the plan they have chosen. It is quite justifiable, and they have carried it out well, and given to non-French-reading England as literal a version as it would be likely to tolerate of one of the most significant books of the time.

THE MARCHES OF WALES.*

Mr. Harper thinks 'the day of the artist-author is at hand,' and he has gone far to prove his statement by this and some (not all) of his previous books. His record of a walking tour along a particularly interesting line of country,

From 'The Marches of Wales.'

nearly parallel with Offa's Dyke, stands out from its class with great distinctness, by reason, mainly, of the solidity of its matter. It is a personal journal and a careful note-book in one. The incidents of the road, the general impressions of the country, the practical facts that would be serviceable to a future traveller by the same route, are jotted down. But while the pedestrian is generally sharply marked off from the tourist (a more serious person), Mr. Harper plays both parts, and gives with much care and conscientiousness the history and legends of the country he passed through. He "did" the towns and villages very thoroughly and very intelligently, visiting churches and mansions, copying pictures and inscriptions. His book is, therefore, a most valuable contribution to the history of the Marches. Its length will seem its defect in the eyes of those who do not know the country and have little prospect of making its acquaintance. But if we own to have skipped some detail, we are, nevertheless, ready to assert that the most of it is eminently readable, while the numerous sketches and copies of old-time portraits make it delightful as a picture-book.

* 'The Marches of Wales.' By Charles G. Harper. With 114 illustrations. (Chapman and Hall.)

IMAGINATION IN DREAMS.*

"It has been decided by the scientific that dreams are entirely profitless. My suggestion is that that is an undiscriminating mistake; and that imagination, which is a teaching faculty, reveals in dreams an originality and force far beyond all that it displays when we are awake." This is the thesis of Mr. Greenwood's most suggestive, most stimulating book. In the above statement he seems to sever himself emphatically from "the scientific"; but he does so mainly on the ground that they have carelessly adopted the starting-point for their investigations. Though the form of his essays is loose, though he takes delight in surmises, yet the spirit of his sober, serious inquiry is far from being unscientific. The love of sensation he has little thought of gratifying, but he trusts the lay mind enough to appeal to it for additional testimony on "dreams that are psychologically informing, or that testify to the powers of imagination in sleep."

His subject is really the working of the imagination, fascinating certainly, but one that seems to elude all attempts to grapple with it. Mr. Greenwood, however, by setting a higher intellectual value on dreams, is probably on a track that will lead to some surprising and tenable results. He opens up by his reasoning and illustrations, but more especially by detached fragments of brilliant thought not always followed to its conclusion, a great field of inquiry for sane and honest men, a field where the inquirers have till now been mostly quacks, or superstitious fanatics, or students bent merely on finding the unimportant material cause of irritation which by some obscure process has stimulated the imagination to activity during sleep, students curious about the immediate cause, and scornful of the effect. It is not too much to say he opens it up, in spite of the great dreamers of the world, for Dante's and Bunyan's visions, being looked on as sacred inventions, have never influenced the enlightened belief that the mental powers must be at their lowest during sleep to account for such absurd things as dreams at all.

No inconsiderable part of his attack on the theory of the worthlessness of dreams consists in his throwing doubt on the extreme value generally put upon what he calls the "mental supervision" over the imaginative faculty. To believe close thinking to be the only means of intellectual achievement is an error, he says. Indeed, he thinks we should be in a sorry case were this so, asserting that the habitual occupation of the mind is not thinking, but dreaming; also, that the moments of inspiration are generally those in which the mind is "in a state of listening rest and stillness, such as the earth seems to fall into, sometimes, on the eve of a summer night," the more sober faculties being in abeyance. Make-believe is so strong in children because their faculties are not so knit together as they are later, and the "criticising, suppressive, disciplinary" ones leave the imagination to do as it likes. Of course this imagination-in-detachment theory will be modified to some extent by many persons' experience. The mental faculties that are not imaginative can and do work in sleep, both by themselves and simultaneously with the purely imaginative ones; else what are we to make of mathematical problems, arithmetical calculations correctly worked out, lucid arguments, and plays upon words, which are no uncommon incidents of sleep dreams?

Mr. Greenwood's book is meant to be merely suggestive. Any interested reader, who is also a dreamer of dreams, will find gaps in theory and illustration, and per-

* 'Imagination in Dreams.' By Frederick Greenwood. (John Lane.)

haps occasionally in reasoning. Some important points are but scantily dealt with—the definite value of dreams, for instance, to the awakened man. There should be a great deal of interesting evidence, positive or negative, on this point, especially from imaginative writers and inventors. Mr. Greenwood has perhaps not emphasised whatever evidence of this nature has actually been gathered, because even ordinarily truthful people are apt to lie in such cases—a danger attending the evidence on the whole subject, of course, and which Mr. Greenwood's contention that the dreams of gifted persons are likely to be clearer and more valuable than those of the mentally weak, will, I fear, do something to intensify. The trivialities which, however uninteresting, might still illustrate an imaginative process, will be apt to hide themselves, lest they bring discredit on the dreamer's waking capacities.

He gives, too, very few and very little varied examples of what Maury calls "hallucinations hypnogogiques." These illusions, known also as "sensorial vision," are most pertinent to the subject. The apparently irresponsible working of the imagination could hardly have a better illustration, for here at least sleep has not drawn you away into a world of topsy-turvydom; you are in a condition to answer questions coherently, and yet, unbidden, pictures, even picture galleries, appear before your eyes. The variety of these, and the variety of the conditions under which they occur, should form two of the main points to be brought out. Sir John Herschell's illusions of this kind differed from those given here in interesting particulars. An examination would probably bring out the fact that the variations are as great and as many as are the variations between the images of consciously working imaginations. The present writer's differs in every point save the important one that "they are absolutely independent of the will, and can neither be imitated nor commanded by any effort of will-directed imagination." Whether the dreamer's individuality is in any way reflected in these sensorial visions is a question worth inquiring into, but without a vast amount of evidence conclusions would be useless.

Another point of interest, which is not made here, is the frequently extreme alertness of imaginative faculties at the moment—I say advisedly the moment—of awaking, when probably all the sober qualities have not yet been let loose. The senses of terror and of beauty and of wonder are probably never so poignant as then, though in dreams they are set in more pictorial circumstance. Perhaps something fruitful of results might also have been procured by selecting those dreams—they are common—when all the separate details can be traced to mere memory, but where the composition of the picture, or the process of the plot, draws largely on the imagination. Again, dreams where the imagination is undoubtedly torpid, but where inferior mental qualities are awake, as in the arithmetical calculation cases, might have illustrated a minor contention of the book. Indeed, some readers may explain one difficult point in the "hotel garden dream" related by Mr. Greenwood by some such process, a process of mere ingenuity: an anxiety to understand the plot, to account for the story, is not unfrequent in sleep. These few additional suggestions may be irrelevant. There are abundance of better ones in Mr. Greenwood's book, and there is not one but shows a sober, open-minded spirit of honest inquiry, directed to the investigation of the most mysterious and the most magnificent endowment of humanity. A. M.

ELDER CONKLIN.*

There appear, in somewhat unusual fashion, on the cover of this book, the separate names of most of the stories inside. The circumstance contains a useful suggestion for the book's critics. Less than most volumes of short stories does it bear being treated as a whole. For between two, perhaps three, of the stories and the others there lies a gulf that cannot be bridged by any single term of appreciation. "Elder Conklin," "A Modern Idyll," and, we might add, "Eatin Crow," are altogether remarkable for their strength and their sure aim. The others can only be to these as poor relations, with a humble sense of their own inferiority. Outside this book we might read with more enjoyment "Gulmore the Boss," which is hardly a worthy neighbour to "Elder Conklin."

They are American stories of hard rough life, in camps and out-of-the-way settlements, or in towns with a dull ungenial atmosphere. The actors are chiefly ruffians and rough diamonds of the Bret Harte type—only much less sentimental—or hard-fibred, unpolished dwellers in tamer places. It is a grim, unlovely life, and he paints it very relentlessly, yet letting in now and again a ray of pure idealism. About some of the vulgar desires and ambitions of the women there is a frank savagery which almost raises them above the level of their commonplace aims. We see no searching after the ugly, but a philosophic acceptance of the sordid as forming no inconsiderable part of the life he designs to paint. Elder Conklin is a masterly picture of heroism and paternal love of rare intensity and refinement, co-existing with capacities for hideous selfishness and cruelty.

Mr. Harris's highest point is reached in "A Modern Idyll." The scene here is laid amidst a prosperous religious sect in Kansas City. The chief personage is a Baptist minister of eloquence enough even to intoxicate himself into the belief that his fervour and ecstacy are workings of the spirit instead of the accidental expression of his sensual nature. The wife of one of his deacons, a young girl with outward discretion and coquetry in equally large proportions, and no conscience at all, soon causes his ministry to turn into an opportunity for being in her neighbourhood. When a call comes to a larger sphere, with greater worldly advantages, his passion is still a little greater than his other sensual desires for comfort and luxury. While he waits the word from Belle, which shall tell him to stay or not, love, ambition, and religious sentiment, make a dancing-ground of his heart. His delight in playing the *beau rôle* triumphs in the end, and his sermon to his congregation announcing that he will sacrifice all personal gain to stay with them, leaves not a dry eye in the chapel. Belief that he had been guided from on high co-existed with the earthly hope he tried to hide and smother in his heart, and the sermon was written in a ferment of artistic emotion which perfectly simulated religious ecstacy. But before it was delivered he had Belle's encouraging answer. The deacons could not let such a sacrifice pass by unrewarded; he is not allowed to suffer in his pocket. The final tableau is that of the teacher of holy things, rich in the goods of this world, making love to the wife of the man who stands apart with the other deacons, thinking solemnly of the new light that has come into their lives from the teaching of one who is so Christ-like as to readily despise and renounce all gain that stand between him and his duty. The analysis of motive and character is masterly.

* 'Elder Conklin, and other Stories.' By Frank Harris. (Heinemann.)

A STUDY OF ETHICAL PRINCIPLES.*

All educated persons who take an interest in ethical questions will find in Professor James Seth a captivating and safe guide. Sometimes, perhaps, he does not go all the way, or invites you to cross a chasm on a rainbow, but ordinarily his bridges are substantial, and his company is at all times agreeable. We should need to go to our old philosophers, to Hume, Berkeley, or Locke, to find so lucid an English style as Professor Seth felicitously wields. And unquestionably there is a great charm in finding the severest thinking couched in perfectly intelligible and graceful English, and the most abstruse problems of metaphysics discussed with lucidity. A serene impersonality also is the atmosphere of all Professor Seth's reasoning. However heavily his blows fall, they are always directed against the system, never against the system-maker. The most generally interesting chapters in the book are those which are devoted to an exposition and criticism of the various types of ethical theory. The discussion of the Ethical Basis and Functions of the State is also independent and fresh. The third part of the book is devoted to the "Metaphysical Implications of Morality," the problems of Freedom, God, and Immortality; and

* 'A Study of Ethical Principles.' By James Seth, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Brown University, U.S.A. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

here if some may desiderate a firmer handling of these great topics, no one can dispute that fairness and knowledge are everywhere conspicuous in the treatment. The chapter on Freedom is a revised reproduction of Professor Seth's well-known pamphlet on 'Freedom as Ethical Postulate.' The title of this pamphlet indicates the conclusion he comes to, that Freedom is necessary if there is to be any morality properly so called. This, no doubt, does not advance matters much; but apparently it is as far as we can at present get; and in the chapter on Freedom we have at any rate an excellent critical history of the problem. Professor Seth's 'Study' may be very confidently recommended to all students of ethical philosophy, who can appreciate a well-written survey of the principles of ethical inquiry. M. D.

VENICE.*

No one as yet has succeeded in giving an entirely satisfactory and adequate account of Venetian history. Romanin and Daru only helped to prepare the way for the historian of the future. Mr. Horatio Brown has given us the best short work on the subject that has yet appeared. Only a year has elapsed since the publication of his "Historical Sketch" of the Republic; and now we have before us another brief history of Venice in our own language, written by the wife of a learned Venetian professor.

Signora Wiel has had unique opportunities. It cannot be said that she has made the most of them. In each division of her subject she shows a certain tendency to shirk difficulties, and to follow unquestioningly the lead of some single authority. Moreover, her book is lacking in proportion. In a history of this size, we must not expect the artistic and social life of the people to be treated with much fulness of detail; but I was certainly surprised to discover that only a little more than one page out of the four hundred and seventy in the book was given to an account of the Venetian school of painting.

In her chapter on the Fourth Crusade, we have a fair example of Signora Wiel's method. The motives that actuated the Venetians on the one hand, and Philip of Swabia on the other, are not clearly defined. The disastrous effects of this expedition on Europe as a whole—so eloquently described for us by Mr. Pears—is scarcely touched upon here. The writer's account of the crusade is based upon one authority—Villehardouin. This chronicler's work has been aptly called "the official version of the expedition." He writes, as M. Zeller says, from the point of view of the aristocratic crusader. His object was "to show that the crusade had not been so complete a failure as men had generally supposed." To get a more complete and broader conception of its history, the student must read, in addition to Villehardouin, the narratives of more candid chroniclers, such as Günther, and Robert de Clari, and the author of the 'Devastatio Constantinopolitana.'

This chapter, too, contains a few somewhat serious inaccuracies. We are told, for instance, that "the young Alexius hastened to Venice in person to implore the Crusaders to sail for Constantinople sooner than for Zara." Now it is quite clear that Alexius did not visit Venice, but sent an embassy from there to the leaders of the army, urging them to hasten to the succour of the imprisoned emperor. Signora Wiel is again in the wrong when she asserts that Alexius went to Zara to plead the cause of his blind father, and to make an agreement with the Crusaders. Alexius did not reach Zara until five days after the army had left. The words that Signora Wiel puts into his mouth are those of the messengers of Philip of Swabia, who came to Zara nearly four months before the young prince arrived there. Again, the date of the coronation of Baldwin was May 16th, and not May 23rd. In the whole volume there is nothing more startling than the assertion that the story of the Fourth Crusade is "one of the brightest pages" in the history of Venice. For, under the guidance of Enrico Dandolo, the Republic was guilty of a fatal crime, for which in succeeding centuries she received severe but not unmerited punishment.

We have noticed several errors and misprints in other parts of the book, the most important of which is to be found in the first chapter, where we are told that "Belisarius, the greatest of Justinian's generals, overcame Vitalius, king of the Goths." It would be a somewhat analogous statement to this if an historian were to assert that at Waterloo "Wellington, the greatest of English generals, overcame Blucher, the emperor of the French." Witigis, not Vitalius, was the name of the king of the Goths whom Belisarius defeated in 539. Vitalius, we may add, was a Byzantine general mentioned several times by Procopius in the second and third book of his 'De Bello Gotthico.'

The name of the great Countess of Tuscany was Matilda. "Matilde" is a form of it which is not to be found, as far as we are aware, in any modern language. It was in 1325, and not in 1335, that the Council of Ten was "declared permanent." Mastino Della Scala made peace with Venice in 1338, not in 1388. The death of Fra Paolo Sarpi took place on January 15th, 1623, and not on January 14th.

Signora Wiel does not possess all those varied qualifications which—when he arrives—will be found to be the intellectual equipment of the writer of the ideal history of Venice. But, in spite of its blemishes, her book may be regarded as a fairly accurate and interesting account of the political history of a very remarkable people. R. L. DOUGLAS.

* 'Venice.' By Alethea Wiel. The Story of the Nations Series. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MR. HENRY JAMES'S NEW PLAYS.*

The fascination and the torture felt by the man of letters "trying his hand at an art, of which, in opposition to his familiar art, every rule is an infraction, every luxury a privation, and every privilege a forfeiture," are very vividly set forth in Mr. James's preface. The preface indeed is as good almost as one of his cleverest analytic stories. He makes one feel with keen intensity the pain of the dramatic novice, "nourished in the faith that brevity is intelligible only when organic," as he writhes under the managerial "cut." Out of this pain is born that terrible lesson of sacrifice, the "ferocious salvage" called selection. "There is no room in a play for the play itself until everything (including the play, the distracted neophyte pantingly ascertains) has been completely eliminated. Then the fun, as the vulgar phrase is, begins." His preface is not only a clever presentation of the agonised play-writer who has many fine things to say, and who is hindered in saying them by the manager and the audience and the clock, but a subtle and suggestive criticism of the dramatic art as well. It may strike some readers that the plays that follow are hardly dignified enough to serve as texts for critical disquisitions. But that objection will not come from craftsmen, for whom the preface is presumably written, and who will be able to trace, amid all their frivolity of subject and extravagance of treatment, the practical result of his agonies, theories, and "ferocious salvage."

But the plays are not written for literary or dramatic craftsmen, and by their worth to common folks they stand or fall. Well, they are as purely, frankly farcical as anything can be that has been shaped by the graceful and fastidious pen of Mr. Henry James. But he has doffed much of his fastidiousness. The characters don't beat and maul each other as they do in most English farces, it is true, but they behave with unrestrained extravagance, and play the fool with romping vivacity. Neither "An Album" nor "The Reprobate" is equal to a single one of the author's stories, but their fun made one reader laugh very heartily, and for that he owes them much good-will.

* 'Theatricals.' By Henry James. Second Series. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

NOVEL NOTES.

TALES OF MEAN STREETS. By Arthur Morrison. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is an unmistakably strong book. The East End and its dwellers have never before been painted from the same standpoint, nor in so vigorous and independent a fashion. That it gives the inevitable picture which sojourners in the neighbourhood must carry away, we certainly do not assert. It is distinctly limited, but limited because its point of view

is individual, its purpose scrupulously truthful. Mr. Morrison's intention has been to tell just what he has seen, idealising nothing and keeping back little. He has carried it out with a frankness which no doubt some readers will term brutal, and which certainly wants some courage to face. They are pictures of misery, cruelty, sordidness, he gives us for the most part, pictures rather than descriptions; the moral showman never appears at all to pull a long face, or shake his head, or say "How pitiful!" or "How wrong!" The reader is left to make his own reflections, and they will not be comfortable ones on 'Lizerunt,' 'Without Visible Means,' and 'On the Stairs.' Mr. Morrison has plainly a bias; and who has not? With the right or wrong of that bias literary criticism has nothing to do, provided he give it logical and forcible expression. It is, however, perfectly legitimate to take objection to the long monotony of dreariness, which the slight facetiousness of 'The Red Cow Group,' the comic mixture of rascality and hysteria in 'A Conversion,' the patient pluck in 'Three Rounds,' and the grim independence of 'Behind the Shade,' are not enough, and hardly of a kind, to relieve. It is fair to say that there is something wanting in his picture—something pertaining to rational happiness and unselfish endeavour, which experience has led one to expect in streets however mean. We need not accept his as the whole picture, but who will dare to say it is not true in great part? The book is far from heartless; indeed, possibly it is just because the observer's feelings were not of that easy kind that can be relieved by mere words of pity that his stories are so grim and so ungenial. So much for the effect of the tales on our emotions. Regarded merely from the point of fiction they are the work of an unusually vigorous writer, whose vision is clear, and whose dramatic sense is vivid, and who in putting his scenes and pictures into words invariably takes the best and shortest way.

ENGLISH EPISODES. By Frederick Wedmore. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Wedmore has a *genre* of his own. At least, no one else in England attempts the same kind of thing. On not very out-of-the-way types of characters he bestows minute care and analysis, and having made his observations he sets down the result in fastidiously simple language. His aim is evidently to look at each of his characters through the eyes of one similarly situated, and if he is not always successful in this, if the very cultivated critic and theorist of life be occasionally audible in the tones of his comments, the fault is artistically pardonable because the aim is a difficult one. Besides, it gives a certain personal interest to the stories. And, indeed, with his more commonplace, or at least humbler, personages he has in this volume been singularly successful—with Mr. Salting, who migrated to Camden Town, and another *menage* when the Surrey side and his monotonous domestic prosperity there had bored him unendurably, and with the Aërated Bread Shop Katherine. But 'The Vicar of Pimlico' is the best piece of workmanship by far. Readers may not be convinced that the reasons were good which kept the Vicar a bachelor, but they cannot but admire the subtle manner in which he is presented. He is the type of the cultivated clergyman of the day, alive to the needs of the hour, yet with strong links of sympathy to the past. But by reason of certain delightful individual traits he is a personage far more than a type. Mr. Wedmore's work is throughout fine in texture and delicate in tone, and we are glad to see it winning the wide recognition it has long merited.

THE PLAY-ACTRESS. By S. R. Crockett. Autonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

There is a type of character for which Mr. Crockett has peculiar sympathy, and which he can put into a story with great effectiveness—the austere saint, knowing little of the world save its learning, and, when brought into contact with the world's evil, proving himself to have the charity as he has the innocence of a child. Such is Gilbert Rutherford, the hero of this little story. Perhaps there is just too much or too little of the farcical in the description of the old Scotch minister wandering about London under the guidance of Tommy the *gamin*. It is the only defect we have to find with a little story that introduces us to that rare thing in fiction, a charming child, the loyal Ailie, and to the very delightful city clerk, Mr. Johnny Spencer.

LITTLE JOHANNES. Translated from the Dutch of Frederik van Eeden. By Clara Bell. With an Introductory Essay by Andrew Lang. (Heinemann.)

The general absurdity of Introductions is here shown in the most conspicuous manner. By this we do not mean to throw disparagement on Mr. Lang's preface, which is full of interest, its subject being the history of fairy tales from the earliest times. Its connection, however, with the particular fairy-tale in question could hardly be more slender. Nay, in fact it very evidently would like to shirk all recognition of it. "It is not my purpose here to criticise 'Little Johannes, An Allegory of a Poet's Soul,' nor to try to forestall the reader's own conclusions. One prefers rather to glance at the history of the fairy tale in modern literature." There is only one other mention of it, and it is very chilly. And Mr. Lang is in the main right. 'Little Johannes' is a child of a weak and unsatisfactory stock. It is not merely that questionable thing, a literary fairy tale, but it is full of very obvious allegory and of morality—a very advanced morality, by the bye—the symbols being birds and beasts and flowers. Children by themselves, it is true, hold much quiet communion with these things, but we question very much whether they want them to be the chief features of their literature. Their fiction would be, if their likings were consulted, more full-blooded. But of its rather weak family this is a remarkably robust specimen. It is ingenious and poetical, and a few children will certainly find pleasure in it, while it will certainly be read with admiration by many grown-up folks, who will be charmed by its sentiment. But to give it its full chance, a more admiring, if less interesting, sponsor might have been found for it than Mr. Lang.

JEWEL MYSTERIES I HAVE KNOWN. By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. (Ward and Lock.)

Mr. Pemberton introduces an agreeable variation into his mysteries by making his clever hero not a detective but a dealer in precious stones. The variation is important. There are, in consequence, fewer tangles in the plots, and a much greater interest in the circumstances preceding the tricks and thefts that make the mysteries, as well as in the character of the personages concerned. Nearly all detective stories are beginning to pall by this time. Let writers take warning, for what a jaded reviewer says to-day, story readers may feel to-morrow. But Mr. Pemberton has attempted a great deal more than to give mere plots and police clues; and he has succeeded in capturing our attention, and never letting it go, from the first story to the last.

THE BURIAL OF THE GUNS, and other Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)

On the whole this is a disappointing collection of stories. Not one of them has the force and distinction which we expect from the author of 'Marse Chan.' They are odds and ends, as good as many writers' best, no doubt, very gentle, very kindly, and refined, but belonging to the class of tale that, whatever its subject, fades from your memory in four-and-twenty hours. Perhaps we should except 'The Burial of the Guns,' a pathetic and dignified story of one of the sequels of Lee's surrender. Indeed wherever the war is the basis of the tales, a stronger, more convincing note is sounded. There are some pleasant Christmas stories in the book, and at this season such a feature should receive mention.

COLOUR SERGEANT No. 1 COMPANY. By Mrs. Leith Adams. 2 vols. (Jarrold.)

Mrs. Leith Adams has the friendliest, heartiest feeling towards soldiers. In this soldiers' novel we sometimes, as civilians, get a little tired of the 'Rule Britannia' sentiments, and would rather take them for granted, though the book would thus be robbed of some of its appropriate atmosphere, doubtless. But the soldiers themselves—Blizzard, Chubby, and especially Ensign Green, to mention only a few—we think delightful company. In their characterisation Mrs. Leith Adams has been completely successful. Alone or with a few well-chosen neighbours they would have made the book a very enjoyable one. But their chance is spoilt by (1) a virtuous but altogether shadowy heroine; (2), one precocious and one dying child over both of whom the writer grows maudlin; (3) by the hero's taste in music—though only colour-sergeant he is heir

to a peerage, a young man of intellect and culture, yet the song of his choice is something about "Bid me good-bye, good-bye, love"; it echoes all through the book, and makes everyone snuffle. Then we wish Mrs. Adams would not tell us so often that impressive incidents are taken from real life: they are none the more impressive for that. We wish, too, she had not felt so much like a member of a court-martial, and had contrived to save Harry's life. And, as a minor matter, we are sorry that her rebel Fenian army did not know a better version of "The Wearing of the Green." If we are too fault-finding with so good a picture of military life, we can only repeat that in Company No. 1 we have many friends.

THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGELS. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

The title-story is in the writer's most familiar vein, a vein which never seems to get exhausted. He has always fresh and powerful instances of the generous virtues shining clearly in the rough, dark camp life. "Chu-Chu," the story of a horse, and "Johnnyboy," an unconventional study of child-life, are also within the field where Mr. Bret Harte is master. Two others, "Young Robin Gray," and especially "A Rose of Glenlogie," seem to us to lie outside it. Mild domestic romance and fashionable intrigue do not call out his powers. Presented as reminiscences of his Scotch consulship, the dialect he attempts and the burlesque names he invents for the personages, give an air of unintentional absurdity to them. But the seven make up a very readable volume.

WHO WAS LOST AND IS FOUND. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Blackwood.)

Less cheerful than many of her stories, this one is yet the most satisfactory, from the points of view of probability and workmanship, that Mrs. Oliphant has given us for a long time. She tells in it the history of the prodigal son after his return, a story of weariness and disappointment, ending, however, in a grey, peaceful light. Robert Ogilvy, the ne'er-do-well, the weak, ungrateful son of a fond mother, whose past has been stained with evil, and whose reform gets no further than harmless lounging, is a well-conceived, well-drawn character. His mother is the dignified, generous, self-restrained old Scotch lady whom Mrs. Oliphant understands, respects, and can reproduce so worthily. The story is well knit together and sympathetic in tone; and the prominent characters are warm with life.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Every scientific experiment or discovery of direct human import is soon followed by fiction of which it forms the basis. That the finger-print method of identification has not sooner provided the matter of a tale is surprising. Mark Twain uses it here ingeniously. 'Pudd'nhead' is another name for fool; it is applied hastily to Mr. David Wilson, a lawyer and surveyor, who in his leisure hours amuses himself with making "records" of the finger tips of his acquaintances. In the case of two children born on the same day, and bearing a strong resemblance to each other, one a child of consequence, the other the child of a slave girl, he made continuous records. Then one of them, the wrong one, of course, was sold with the slave mother. The reader can develop the story from that point, or if not, Mark Twain will do it for him. As the mistake lasts for twenty-three hard years, in spite of Pudd'nhead Wilson's cleverness, the end is prevented from being a very cheerful one.

AN ALTAR OF EARTH. By Thymol Monk. Pioneer Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

A sacrifice such as this story commemorates might rouse sympathy in readers under certain conditions, namely, that the sacrifice—of personal honour for the good of humanity—should be made for a really adequate cause, should be absolutely essential in order to gain the object in view, and should be undergone by some one whose dignity and general steadiness of character are not open to doubt. At least these conditions are necessary where the literary representation of such a sacrifice is concerned. At its peril does literature depend on receiving from its most free-minded critics the more tolerant, less logical judgment of free-minded critics of life. Now many readers will say the first condition is not fulfilled, and all must do the same for the second. Though we agree that the heroisms of hysterical persons are heroic, yet Daphne's general behaviour and conversation are such as to make us half believe her sacrifice to be a mere freak. And though those who read to the end would have been angry had the sacrifice been ever completed, still it knocks the bottom out of the whole story to prepare you, as early as p. 11, for the probability that it will never be required at all. There is much pretty writing in the book about Pan and country things, and some cleverness, too. But as a representation of life 'An Altar of Earth' is essentially weak.

DOREEN: The Story of a Singer. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)

Miss Edna Lyall's readers are very numerous, and gratefully confident of her powers to entertain them. This new one is likely to be as popular as its predecessors. The struggles and successes of the interesting young singer are only part of the attractions of the story. Doreen is as much patriot as artist, perhaps a good deal more, and she has the satisfaction of converting her ardent lover into a zealous worker for her native country. Should readers fear the political reflections and conversations which in such a story must necessarily occur, let us say that they are of a kind that will not stir up combativeness, being mostly expressions of a charitable and generous spirit which must appeal alike to friends and to opponents. 'Doreen' is altogether a wholesome book, and it will seem a delightful one to many young novel readers capable of generous enthusiasms.

PEG THE RAKE. By Rita. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

'Rita' is at her best in such a story as 'Peg the Rake.' Indeed it probably marks the highest point she has reached. Her heroine is of a type she understands and can make us sympathise with—a lively, worldly woman, with petty social ambitions, perhaps, but with backbone, quick wit, and warm affections. Irish society of the pleasure-loving kind is cleverly described, and the whole story of Peg's stormy career of passion, intrigues, squabbling, and the conquest of hearts, is told with a vivacity which is the more effective that charity rather than satire is the keynote of the book.

A NEW NOTE. 2 vols. (Hutchinson.)

It is not easy to account for the title. The heroine, indeed, wrote an opera, and it is possible some new arrangement of notes occurred in its score. But her story could be constructed out of a great many recent novels. First there is the rejection of love in favour of Art, then success in Art, then a giving in to the old faithful lover out of friendliness, then the serious surrender to love in the person of an artist and an unmistakeable cad, then the final discovery that a villain lurks in the genius. But suicide does not follow. On the contrary the heroine clutches the score of her opera passionately to her heart and goes to dress for dinner. If the matter of the story is fairly interesting, its manner is slangy, while the vivacious conversations are about on a level with those one is accustomed to hear in circles where spirits are more abundant than intelligence.

THE MARK O' THE DEIL. And other Northumbrian Tales. 3s. 6d. By Howard Pease. (Unwin.)

Written in a modified Northumbrian dialect, garnished abundantly by its picturesque and vigorous words, and with a keen relish for the energy and the not unfrequent eccentricities of northern character, Mr. Howard Pease's tales have an interest for all northern readers. 'The Mark o' the Diel' and most of its companion stories show a distinct artistic advance on 'Borderland Studies.' There is more variety in the characters presented, and a suggestive method in the descriptions has been adopted, much less crude than the former somewhat violent one. But the book is difficult to appreciate at its right value. Those interested in the district it describes—which till now has not, we think, had its illustrator in fiction—will, from gratitude and patriotism, be apt to exaggerate its merits, while its modesty, the absence from it of cheap tricks, either in style or matter, will have a good deal to do with any neglect it may receive from those who have not local interest. In Mr. Pease Northumberland has very likely not found its final illustrator. Perhaps that distin-

guished person has not yet thought of being born. And as pictures of general human nature his stories are not first rate. Few of them rise beyond mere anecdotes, and the ineffective hand of the amateur is as plainly on some as the mark o' the deil was on the breast of Tom R——, the villain of the Cheviots. But they show humour, a relish for the rough, the wild, the whimsical in human nature, much openmindedness, and a kindly spirit. Their literary is perhaps greater than their imaginative promise. Only one or two strike us as coming very definitely under the head of fiction at all. The rest have the air of being taken from life and memory, with but little interference in the way of addition, selection, or modification, and though none the less interesting for that, they keep us from making up one's minds what our expectations from the author should be. Of these "The Judgment," and "On Deadwater Fell," are told with great conciseness and vigour. The one that most suggests the fiction writer is "Link-House Bill," though it is less picturesque in its setting than many of the others. It ends the volume, and leaves us with a feeling of gratitude to Mr. Pease for his exhibition of homely and unconventional character, and a desire that he will give us more of a similar kind.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

POETS ON POETS. Edited by Mrs. Richard Strachey. Parchment Library. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)

This book of homage paid by poets to their spiritual ancestors or brethren is not the first of its kind. Mrs. Davenport Adams' 'The Poet's Praise of Poets' had the same purpose. It was, however, a more comprehensive collection, in which lay its inferiority to the present one. Such a book should have the quality of exquisiteness; the name 'Poets on Poets' demands that only the most worthy matter wedded to beauty of style should be admitted. For that we are ready to sacrifice completeness. Mrs. Strachey has edited her selection with fine taste. The extracts from Chaucer to Tennyson are delightful reading for their poetic worth, their occasional subtle criticism, but especially for the unenvious whole-hearted enthusiasm which they breathe. In the dainty 'Parchment Library' so charming a book finds a fitting home.

THOUGHTS FROM THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF W. E GLADSTONE. Edited by G. Barnett Smith. (Ward & Lock).

Mr. Barnett Smith has compiled his book on an excellent plan. He has had chiefly in view to exhibit the versatility of Mr. Gladstone's mind and interests, and has classified the extracts under the following heads: Religious and Moral, Personal, Philosophical, Academical, National, International, Literary, Greece, Homer, and the Homeric Age, Beauty and Art, General. His political utterances have been little drawn on, and from these, passages of a general rather than a partisan nature have been selected. Mr. Gladstone is not epigrammatic, and representative thoughts cannot very well be given in a few lines. Mr. Barnett Smith has clearly seen this, and has not unduly curtailed his extracts. The compilation of such a book must have entailed great labour, and it has been controlled by evident intelligence.

CRADLE SONGS AND NURSERY RHYMES. Edited by Grace Rhys. Canterbury Poets. 1s. 6d. (W. Scott).

Mrs. Rhys' collection is as good as it need be. We may all find regrettable omissions; that is ever easy. But probably none of us set to pick in the same fields could have brought together so charming and so varied a bunch of rhymes. There are English and Welsh, and Irish and Scottish rhymes; rhymes from other countries, too, and from long ago. It is doubtful whether any could be willingly missed; even some sentimental modern ones that have found their way in are tolerable. Of nonsense rhymes of the old-fashioned, country, ante-Lear kind, Mrs. Rhys has a brave show.

THE END OF ELFIN TOWN. By Jane Barlow. Illustrated by Laurence Housman. 5s. (Macmillan).

Miss Barlow's verse is woven round a pretty conceit, how Oberon, under an evil spell, saw a vision of a Town, and set his Fays to build an elfin copy; how they toiled and moiled and lost their happiness; how their king was wakened to his folly, and Elfin Town razed to the ground. But the king had learnt something more, alas, than his folly—a secret which meant banishment from the deep woods they had

From 'The End of Elfin Town.'

lived in and loved so long! So he and his Fays journeyed and journeyed, and perhaps, thinks Miss Barlow, found their rest in a star. Mr. Housman has interpreted the story sympathetically, and the book is delightful to look at.

PASSAGES FROM FROISSART. With an introduction by F. T. Marzials. Scott Library, 1s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

If things were as they ought to be this should be one of the two or three most popular books in this excellent popular library. Read a page, not at random, a well-selected page of course, of Froissart to any persons saturated with circulating-library rubbish, and the chances are even they will open their eyes and be interested. Their interest may not be sustained, because the strain of keeping their imaginations in another age is too great. But anyone with an alert mind and a love of picturesqueness and adventure is the natural reader of Froissart, be he learned or unlearned. We like the way Mr. Marzials has edited the book very much. He has selected his passages well, and in his preface he brings out whatever is known of the chronicler's delightful personality clearly, yet without straining facts.

ASOLANDO. By Robert Browning. With Biographical and Historical Notes to the Poems. (Smith and Elder.)

This forms the seventeenth and completing volume of the uniform edition of Browning's works. Its chief interest lies in the notes to the whole edition that are included in it. Considering whose poems they are meant to elucidate, they are modest in quantity, and it is a relief to find this is so. On examination they will be found to contain explanations of most of the biographical and historical allusions in Browning; and if a reader of an unusually inquiring turn find them wanting in some facts of a different nature, there are three or four handbooks which can be appealed to. It would have been a mistake to have competed with these. Perhaps some will find superfluous information here. But many of the best of us are ill-informed and strangely forgetful.

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Selden L. Whitcomb. With an Introduction by Brander Matthews. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

What Mr. Rylands did for English, Mr. Whitcomb has done for American literature. Dates and lists may look dry and uninteresting to those who know nothing of literature or history. The student of literature knows how to value the convenience of such a book. Beginning with John Smith's 'Virginia,' 1608, it give the principal books published in America till this very year 1894, with biographical dates, and events in British and foreign literature and history. Mr. Whitcomb will doubtless find many critics of the last part of his book; for how many are in agreement as to what has a claim to be called literature in the mass of what pours from the press every day? But even if his choice be proved wrong by years, it will still be interesting as reflecting the taste of to-day. The representative books of America in 1894 as given by him, are by the following writers: Balestier, Boyesen, Bunner, Crawford, Deland, Ely, Fiske, Garland, Howells, Jefferson, Lincoln, Maclay, Matthews, Murfree, Wilkins, Winter, and Woolson. The English writers placed side by side with these, to represent the best English production, are Stopford Brooke, Drummond, Mrs. Green, Sydney Grundy, Hardy, Kidd, Lang, and Mrs. Ward.

THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY. Humour, Society, Parody, and Occasional Verse. 4s. (Hutchinson.)

The volume is one of a useful series. The selections here, as in the other volumes, have been made with considerable taste, though a few doubtful humourists have been too largely drawn upon. But it is difficult to say much more for the editorship of a volume where the Scotch child's song "Wee Jouky daidles" is actually assigned to the James Smith of the "Rejected Addresses"!

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. By F. Max Müller. Vol. 1. New Edition. 6s. 6d. (Longmans.)

In a very pleasant preface to this new edition, Professor Max Müller tells us that, though he has had occasion to revise a good deal of detail, he has found very little to alter with respect to the leading theories he set forth in the 'Chips' when they first appeared, that thought and language are inseparable, for instance; that language and race are incommensurable; and that it is a misfortune that evolution has ever been applied to the works of man—to name a few from his list. The volumes have been out of print for years, and their republication will be a source of gratification to many.

THE POST IN GRANT AND FARM. By J. Wilson Hyde. (Adam and Charles Black.)

To his previous interesting books on the work done by the Post Office, Mr. Wilson Hyde now adds a history of its beginnings from the patent granted by Queen Elizabeth to John Stanhope in 1590, down to the latter part of the following century. Many of the facts here related are extremely curious, the persistent attacks made on the Dover packet, the villainous state of the roads, the attempts to recover letters which had been committed to the post, the adventures of post-boys, and many other matters illustrating the stride which has been made during the last two centuries. Mr. Hyde has spared no pains in ransacking public records and other original documents, and the facts he has learned from them he presents in an interesting and lucid manner. His book is a sound contribution to the history of civilisation.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AFTER A CENTURY. By the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. With Introduction by Professor T. M. Lindsay, D.D. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

Dr. Dennis for more than a quarter of a century has been connected with the American Presbyterian Mission in Syria, and for most of that period has been teaching in the theological school of the Mission in Beirut. During a recent furlough in America he delivered a short course of lectures on Missions to the students of Princeton. These are now published in the present volume. Dr. Dennis presents in a lucid manner the actual religious condition of the various countries of the world, the difficulties with which Christianity has to contend, and the retarding and opposing influences to which it is exposed. But notwithstanding all difficulty and opposition missions, according to Dr. Dennis, have been successful, and will yet be immensely more so. The lectures are throughout interesting, and are calculated both to stimulate and to direct missionary enterprise.

RANDOM ROAMING, and other papers. By Augustus Jessop, D.D. (Unwin.)

Dr. Jessop has the most restless, inquisitive, rapacious of minds. A walk abroad must be to him a severe mental exercise, for it suggests to him archaeology, history, folk-lore, and philanthropic scheming, and other subjects, too, remote from these. These papers here, mostly on East Anglian antiquities, and some on East Anglian parish needs, are very pleasant chats by a man who has taken much pains and much delight, too, in ferreting out old facts, and in examining into present conditions of country life. But though the antiquarian and historian be uppermost—the essay on A Fourteenth Century Parson is the best in the volume—the rustic reformer is also very much in earnest, and Dr. Jessop has much to say of interest to students of rural questions. An excellent portrait of the writer forms the frontispiece.

MEDIÆVAL MUSIC. An Historical Sketch. By R. C. Hope. (E. Stock.)

Mr. Hope has made the whole of English antiquities his sphere. In every section his investigations are marked by independence and zealous searching, whether regarding 'The Leper in England,' 'The Holy Wells of England,' or 'Mediæval Music.' This present book is of deep interest to all who are at least equipped with an elementary knowledge of musical technique. It is a complicated subject, and in some cases Mr. Hope only suggests difficulties; in others the information he offers is rather scanty, seeing no other easily procured book exists on the same subject. But his examination of Gregorian music—which, as he conclusively shows, is not Gregorian at all; his account of the introduction of the organ, and his clear description of the system of Aretino, are all excellently done, though these do not cover the whole interest of his book to musical readers. His bibliography is another useful feature.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. H. M.—The specimen story seems carefully translated, though it is not one of V.'s most attractive tales. I don't think there is much chance of magazines accepting them. And translations of volumes are generally done as commissions. There are several firms that publish a good deal of modern foreign fiction; you had best offer your stories to them before completing the whole—unless you are content to translate as a mere exercise.

A. R.—Really impressive in its sensational, rather Ouidaesque style. If you were willing to sacrifice a portion, I think you could make it better. I mean the fascination scene. Readers would keep doubting, while they read, the power of R. to conquer the hero by the wiles she uses. If you cannot make a stronger scene, you might omit it, and allude to it as having taken place. Then the ending, while picturesque, is a little weak. It is worth while working at.

Ariadne.—I think its rejection may possibly be due to its rather slangy style. It is, no doubt, easy to fall into such when you are dealing with vulgar characters like D. and T. But keep the slang for their, talk and out of your own. "Photo," "nine-thirty," for "half-past nine," "mere details" for "matters of small importance," and a spoilt phrase like "the very flood tide, which taken opportunely, might lead on to fortune," have an uneducated look that prejudices an editor. The story is told vivaciously.

ASPIRANT.—You did not write the essay probably with a literary purpose, but to urge something in which you were interested. Otherwise, I should be inclined to judge the present specimen of your writing rather unfavourably. You urge your point with weak, thin arguments and examples, and the essay is poorly worded. Take care how you use the editorial "we." "Our hand," in one instance, has a royal sound about it.

JEAN AUCHINDACHY.—Very interesting. A verse or two might be omitted with advantage—no. 7, for instance. It becomes a trifle wordy at times. Then the metre is not faultless. There are many lines that want mending; you will find a bad one in verse 5. As to the alternative lines in 50, the first is the better so far as metre goes, but it gives a more direct suggestion of Lord R.'s weakness and disloyalty. "Reflex" is not a substantive. There are a few misspellings.

BRAMBLE.—A very nice little story, but I should not advise you to try and publish for some time yet. You want a great deal of exercise. A sentence like this is puzzling: "She, never very strong, struggled on for a few years, though the help and kindness of the peasantry, gradually growing weaker, till one day nothing remained but the white shrouded form in the upper room." There is a blunder on p. 4—"A school in Manchester, the Principal of whom he knew." But it is very good for your age.

C. L.—There is excellent material in your story. For a short story, however, I think you have put too much detail in it; though the detail is good, it is a little distracting. The title does not seem to me a very good one. I have no other criticism to make—except of a grammatical slip on the last page—"for any man to marry her, save *he* who had," etc. There should be no great difficulty in getting this published.

CLAUDE HALL.—It is a story with the kind of plot that girls like. And perhaps, after much care, you might make something of it. But just at present it doesn't look very promising. It is a little commonplace in style, and not very correct, *e.g.*, p. 1, "it relieves one's heart to talk of *their* [whose?] sorrows." And "I have not been gifted with literary proclivities" is not a fortunate expression.

DAMARIS.—A striking situation. There is one weak spot in it, however. You do not make the reader realise vividly enough how necessary it was for H. to find money. You should emphasise that the debts were of some peculiarly pressing nature, or that he had nothing of value to sell. As it is, you lose the effect of seeing a naturally upright man succumbing to a tremendous temptation. I don't know the rest of the story, and from this part I should judge H. not to be naturally upright, and the temptation not to have been very strong, but that I guess you to mean differently.

DRYBURGH.—The published one is the poorest, I think. But none are satisfactory. There is a little more promise in No. 1 than in the others. You might learn the ballad rhythm in time. At present your ear seems defective. Nos. 3 and 4, where you try to express thought and reflection rather than narrate and describe outside things, show great immaturity. You are young, and may do something yet. But you must educate yourself a good bit more first.

E. F.—The story is of moderate interest. But you have hardly begun to learn to write, as the following examples from p. 1 only should show you (1) "the female sex, especially, being almost conspicuous by its absence"; (2) and (3) "... stood two girls, evidently sisters, neither of whom *were*, perhaps, more than three-and-twenty years of age. The *youngest*," etc.

ELISE.—I think it would stand its best chance with a magazine of a religious bias. It is very pretty indeed, and very pleasing. You seem to have carried out your intention, and there is nothing to criticise.

I. S. L. T.—I think verse-writing cannot be beneficial to you. If you get the right number of feet in a line, you seem to be content with very little sense, or at the best with the merest platitudes. Of course, this is harmless if you have no literary ambitions. A little good reading and thinking would be worth any amount of scribbling to you at this stage.

K.—The feeling is good, and perhaps the form is capable of improvement. It sounds very harsh at present, *e.g.*, "Earth-dinting footprints find, nor seek a sign." And the argument is not very clear. A sonnet cannot bear the least haziness.

KEN.—Gives a fairly vivid idea of your experience. But it would certainly have been much better, much more literary, had it been simpler. A good part of it is written in exaggerated journalese. It would be impossible to make a worse sentence than the one beginning, "Had I been thoroughly conversant with the physiological aspect," etc. It is probably meant for a joke, but it is a very laboured one. And yet I should guess you to have brains enough to write forcibly. Give things their own direct names, not roundabout, allusive ones, use few adjectives, and make short sentences.

L. B.—I should have made this into a little sermon in prose form. No doubt the subject could be treated poetically; it has been over and over again, but I do not think you have a lyrical gift. The lines are harsh, the metre shaky, and there is no evidence of striving after poetic imagery or beauty of expression. But you might make something of the theme in prose.

L. M. F.—Surely only chapter one. If there is nothing more to follow, was it quite worth while beginning? To explain its existence, I've read it twice to try to find something subtle and secret in it, but it's not there, or I am very dull. Stories with nothing inside them should be miracles of art and wit and polish on the surface.

R. H. A.—No. 1, verse 1, fair; verse 2, I cannot understand at all. And the hackneyed "across the bar" would spoil it, if I could. In No. 2 the intended metre is eccentric enough, but what is achieved is wild. If you have not an inward sense of music and rhythm, there is nothing like reading all you write aloud.

TANCRED TANCRED.—You have so distinctly a turn for short, concise narrative that I think it is a pity you do not think of the details a little more. Conception and general treatment are good. But there is not a sentence that satisfies one. The whole thing reads like the first draft of a story. My complaints are meant to be encouragement, for your fault is more promising than embroidering fine words round a poor structure.

FRANCIS VILLON.—This might have a good chance of acceptance by a story magazine. Rather more commonplace than your former efforts, it is more popular. And you are really overcoming some faults of style. This is brisker, and more business-like than anything I have yet seen of yours. But take care of the grammar, *e.g.*, p. 1, "between Mabel and I."

VOLSUNG.—Middling. That on "Birth" is the best. They are not clear enough for sonnets, nor dignified enough in expression. Examples will teach you best. There is an inexpensive little book called 'Sonnets of this Century' (W. Scott), containing a great many good, bad, and indifferent. It would be worth while to examine them. It has, I believe, a preface, too, on the history and theory of the subject. Then Shakespeare's and Milton's are always accessible.

HENRY WILSON.—Do you like reading aloud No. 1? Let your ear be your critic. If No. 2 were written by anyone else, wouldn't you think it just a little weak? You can hardly be satisfied with stanza 2. About Nos. 3 and 4 you might ask yourself similar questions. I gladly encourage verse-making, because it is a training for the ear and a help in the understanding of other people's poetry. But I don't think your verses will serve you in these ways. You seem hardly enough conscious of their metrical faults and the poverty of their meaning. At least you should read and examine a collection of good lyrics before attempting any more.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anglican Pulpit Library: Sermons, etc., for Sundays and Holy Days, vol. i., 15/- ..... Hodder

BEYSCHLAG, Dr. W.—New Testament, Theology, 2 vols, 18/- net Clark

BLOMFIELD, the late Bishop.—The Old Testament and the New Criticism ..... Stock

[*Shows the confusion that exists amongst the new critics at the present time, and presents problems for them to clear up before their views can be accepted.*]

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Christus Imperator: Lecture-Sermons on the Universal Empire of Christianity, edited by C. W. Stubbs, 6/- .... Macmillan

COOPER, Rev. T. J.—Love's Unveiling, and Other Sermons, 3/6 Skeffington

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DAVISON, W. T.—The Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament. Kelly

[*Interesting essays on Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs.*]

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HAECKEL, E.—Monism as Connecting Religion and Science, trans. by J. Gilchrist ..... A. & C. Black

[*A very interesting essay. The eminent scientist has come to believe in nature as a unity, and would fain establish a bond between religion and science.*]

HALL, Rev. A. C. A.—The Virgin Mother: Retreat Addresses. Longmans

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LEWIS, A. S.—A Translation of the Four Gospels from the Syriac of the Sinaitic Palimpsest, 6/- net ..... Macmillan

MACBETH, Rev. J.—Notes on the Thirty-nine Articles, 2/6 .... Simpkin

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Official Report of Church Congress, 1894, edited by C. Dunkley, 10/6 Bemrose

PELOUBET, Rev. F. N.—Select Notes, a Commentary on the International Lessons, 1895, 5/- ..... S.S.U.

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2. Church (Dean), Life of. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
3. Lang's Yellow Fairy Book. 6s. (Longmans.)
4. Lyrical Poems of Spenser. 5s. net. (Dent.)
5. Dawn of Civilisation. 24s. (S.P.C.K.)
6. Church (Dean), Sermons. 6s. (Macmillan).

MANCHESTER.

1. Ian Maclaren's Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
2. Yellow Aster. Iota.
3. Ascent of Man. Drummond.
4. Encyclopædia Britannica.
5. Smiles' Wedgwood. 6s.
6. Conan Doyle's Books.

BRISTOL.

1. Yellow Fairy Book.
2. Crockett (all volumes).
3. Pride and Prejudice (Thomson).
4. Jungle Book.
5. Weyman's Rotha.
6. Doyle's Red Lamp.

BRADFORD.

1. Odes. Watson. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Lilac Sunbonnet. Crockett. 6s. (Unwin.)
4. Essays. Mazzini. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
5. Doreen. Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. Gulliver's Travels. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Trade improving, but weather very disappointing. Given bright, sharp weather for Christmas, a good season may be expected.

HULL.

1. Boys' and Girls' Annuals. 8s.
2. Some Men are such Gentlemen. 6s.
3. Fifty-two Stories for Boys, etc. 5s.
4. Pudd'n-head Wilson. 3s. 6d.
5. Parish Councils Act. (Ward & Lock.)
6. Hazell's Annual, 1895.

EDINBURGH.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Odes and Other Poems. By Wm. Watson. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)
3. First Things First. By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Doreen, the Story of a Singer. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longman & Co.)
5. Trial and Death of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Jas. Stalker, D.D. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
6. The Edinburgh Stevenson. (Chatto & Windus.)

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2. Reminiscences of Yarrow. By Russell. 5s. net.
3. Coridon's Songs. With Hugh Thomson's Illustrations. 6s.
4. Pride and Prejudice. do. 6s.
5. Yellow Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang.
6. Rip Van Winkle.

DUBLIN.

1. Essays. By Sarah Atkinson. With an introduction by Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. 6s. (Gill & Son.)
2. Banshee Castle. By Rosa Mulholland. 6s. (Blackie.)
3. Doreen. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)
4. Inner Life of Fr. Burke. By a Dominican. 2s. (Burns & Oates.)
5. Fitzpatrick's Life of Fr. Burke. Cheaper edition. 7s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)
6. The Catholic Girl in the World. By Whyte Avis. 3s. 6d. (Burns & Oates.)

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[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

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Browning's Works, 1st editions.
Life of Michael Angelo, Symonds, second-hand.
Bard of the Dimbovitza, 2nd series (Osgood).

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

McLeod (Dr. N.), Holy Land, 3s. 6d. (Burnett).
Blackie's Casquet of Literature.
Sayce's Ancient Monuments.
Moorland Rhymes (R. W. Reid).
Hogg's Life of Dr. John Wightman.
New Issue of Barnicott and Pearce's General Book Catalogue, 1894.

T. BROWN & CO., 9, RAY STREET, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

Tanatio Ecclesiastica.
Jowett's Plato, 5 vols., or vol. 3.
Gaelic or Irish Catechisms of Roman Catholic Church.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE ST., YORK.

Bibliomania in the Middle Ages, by F. S. Merryweather.
Chapman's Homer's Iliad, vol. 1 (John Russell Smith, 1857).
Piers Ploughman's Vision and Creed, vol. 1 (John Russell Smith, 1856).
Homer's Iliad, Earl of Derby (Murray), vol. 1, 1867.
Geikie's Hours with the Bible, vol. 4.
Ward's Methodism in Swaledale.
Parkinson's Yorkshire Legends and Traditions.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Landor's Letter to Emerson, Bath.
Shakespeare Memorial Library Catalogue.
Jack and his Eleven Brothers (toy-book of thirty years ago).
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King's Handbook of New York.
Private Diary of Eliz. Nix Mordaunt, 1656-78
Bradley's Ethical Studies.
Dingley's History from Marble, 2 vols.

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Somersetshire Wills, 6 vols.
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" " Devon.

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Army Lists, 1762, 1764, 1814, 1759.
Sporting Magazine, all after vol. 7, n. s., 1845.

JOHN GUTHRIE, 105, ALEXANDRA PARADE, GLASGOW.

Pollock's Spinoza.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Jowett's Plato, 4 or 5 vols.
Carl Engel's Catalogue of the Special Exhibition of Ancient Musical Instruments, 1872; London, 1873.
Speaker's Commentary, O. T., vols. 5 and 6, N. T., 4 vols.
Cassell's Book of Dog, by Shaw.
Kingston, W. H. G., Tales for All Ages, and Paul Gerard.
Symington (Maggie), Bessie Gordon, a Story.

N. MASSEY, 84, PATRICK STREET, CORK.

Humphreys', J. P., Ireland.
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Molloy's ditto.
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Catholic Books.
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Clarke's Modern Steam Engine, vols. or parts.
Hill's Bovine Medicine and Surgery.
Alcott's (L. M.) Proverb Stories.
Watson's History of Halifax, 4to edition.
Young Ladies' Journal, vols. 1-5.
From the Deck of a Yacht.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Monody on Death of Sheridan, 8vo. pamphlet, 1816.
Morland Prints, or Books illustrated by him.
New Bath Guide, 4to or 8vo, 1766.
Nightingale's (Mr.) Diary, a Farce, 26 pp., 1851.
Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte, 8vo pamphlet, 1814.
Oliver Twist, in 10 nos., 1846.
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Antiquary, Nov. 1891.
Keats' Works, Kelmscott Press.
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St. Paul's Eccles. Soc. Transactions, 1, 2, 5.
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Gardiner, History of England, 1603-16.

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Stubb's Constitutional History.
Mommsen's History of Rome.
Macaulay's Speeches, 1854.
Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, vol. 2, cr. 8vo.
Thackeray's Miscellanies, vol. 4.
Bunyan, illus. by C. H. Bennett.
Vicar of Wakefield, illus. by Thomson.
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Manx Soc. Bibliography, 2nd ed.
Cambridge Bible, any, Greek or English.
Roscoe, Novelist Library, in original cloth.

SANDELL & SMITH, 136, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Forster's Arrest of the Seven Members.
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